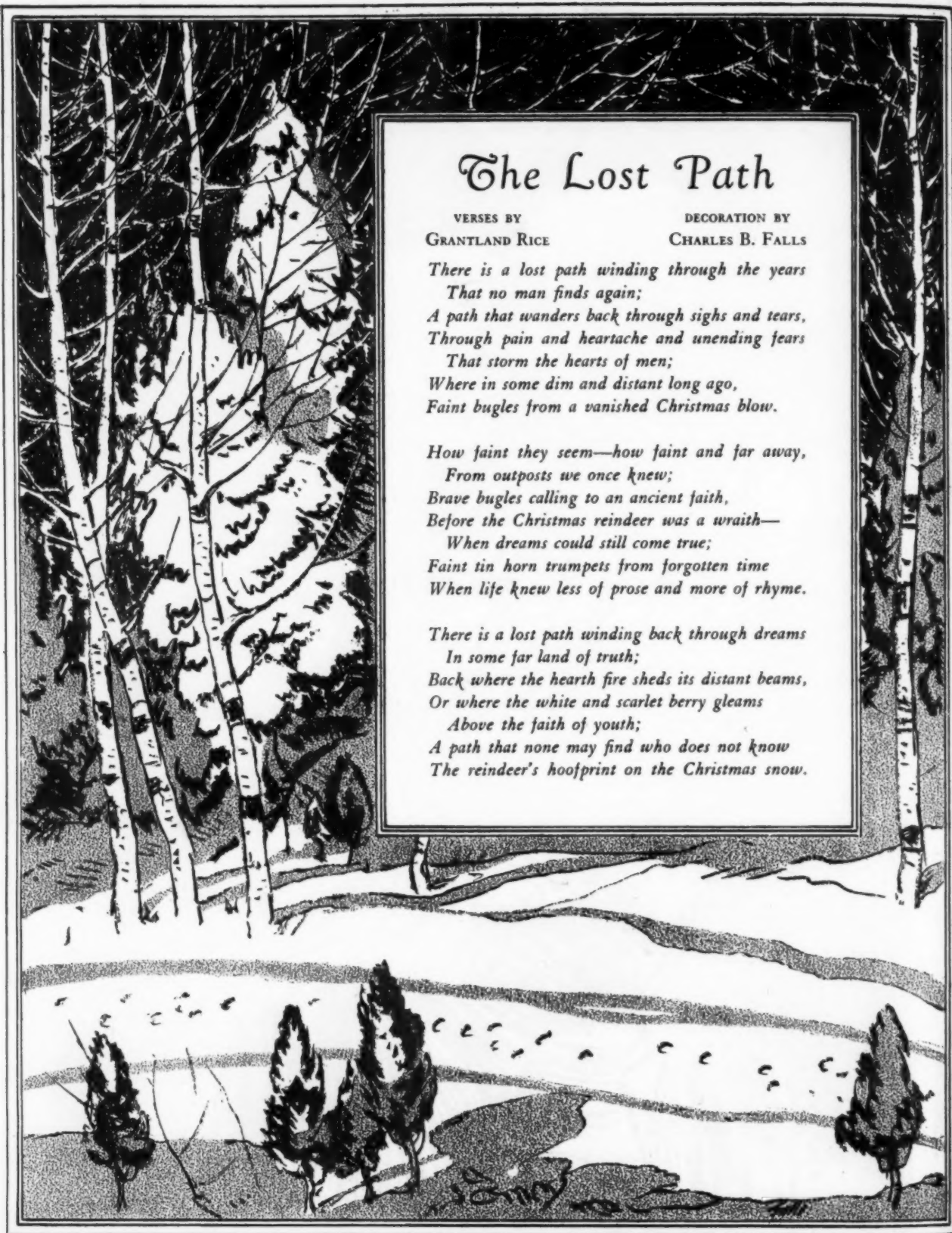


Christmas Life Number



"Well—we believe in Santa Claus."



The Lost Path

VERSES BY
GRANTLAND RICE

DECORATION BY
CHARLES B. FALLS

*There is a lost path winding through the years
That no man finds again;
A path that wanders back through sighs and tears,
Through pain and heartache and unending fears
That storm the hearts of men;
Where in some dim and distant long ago,
Faint bugles from a vanished Christmas blow.*

*How faint they seem—how faint and far away,
From outposts we once knew;
Brave bugles calling to an ancient faith,
Before the Christmas reindeer was a wraith—
When dreams could still come true;
Faint tin horn trumpets from forgotten time
When life knew less of prose and more of rhyme.*

*There is a lost path winding back through dreams
In some far land of truth;
Back where the hearth fire sheds its distant beams,
Or where the white and scarlet berry gleams
Above the faith of youth;
A path that none may find who does not know
The reindeer's hoofprint on the Christmas snow.*

The Stranger Within Our Gates

by
Robert
Benchley

ONE of the problems of child education which is not generally included in books on the subject is the Visiting Schoolmate. By this is meant the little friend whom your child brings home for the holidays. What is to be done with him, the Law reading as it does?

He is usually brought home because his own home is in Nevada, and if he went 'way out there for Christmas he would no sooner get there than he would



"My father says that only old ladies carve straight down like that."

have to turn right around and come back—an ideal arrangement on the face of it. But there is something in the idea of a child away from home at Christmas-time that tears at the heart-strings, and little George is received into the bosom of your family with open arms and a slight catch in the throat. Poor little nipper! He must call up his parents by telephone on Christmas Day; they will miss him so. (It later turns out that even when George's parents lived in Philadelphia he spent his vacations with friends, his parents being no fools.)

For the first day George is a model of politeness. "George is a nice boy," you say to your son; "I wish you knew more like him." "George seems to be a very manly little chap for fourteen," your wife says after the boys have gone to bed. "I hope that Bill is impressed." Bill, as a matter of fact, does seem to have caught some of little George's gentility and reserve, and the hope for his future which had been practically abandoned is revived again under his schoolmate's influence.

The first indication that George's stay is not going to be a blessing comes at the table when, with confidence born of one day's association, he announces flatly that he does not eat potatoes, lamb or peas, the main course of the meal consisting of potatoes, lamb and peas. "Per-

haps you would like an egg, George?" you suggest. "I hate eggs," says George, looking out the window while he waits for you to hit on something that he does like.

"I'm afraid you aren't going to get much to eat tonight, then, George," you say. "What is there for dessert?"

"A nice bread pudding with raisins," says your wife.

George, at the mention of bread pudding, gives what is known as "the bird," a revolting sound made with the tongue and lower lip. "I can't eat raisins anyway," he adds, to be polite. "They make me come out in a rash."

"Ah-h! The old raisin-rash," you say. "Well, we'll keep you away from raisins, I guess. And just what is it that you can eat, George? You can tell me. I am your friend."

Under cross-examination it turns out that George can eat beets if they are cooked just right, a rare species of eggplant grown only in Nevada, and all the ice-cream in the world. He will also cram down a bit of cake now and then for manners' sake.

All this would not be so bad if it were not for the fact that, coincidentally with refusing the lamb, George criticizes your carving of it. "My father carves lamb across the grain instead of the way you do," he says, a little crossly.

"Very interesting," is your comment.

"My father says that only old ladies



"My son is inspired to call the cook a German spy."

carve straight down like that," he goes on.

"Well, well," you say pleasantly between your teeth, "that makes me out sort of an old lady, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," says George.

"Perhaps you have a different kind of lamb in Nevada," you suggest, hacking



"The presents turn out to be things that he already has, only his are better."

off a large chunk. (You have never carved so badly.) "A kind that feeds on your special kind of eggplant."

"We don't have lamb very often," says George. "Mostly squab and duck."

"You stick to squab and duck, George," you say, "and it will be just dandy for that rash of yours. Here, take this and like it!" And you toss him a piece of lamb which, oddly enough, is later found to have disappeared from his plate.

It also turns out later that George's father can build sailboats, make a monoplane that will really fly, repair a broken buzzer and imitate birds, none of which you can do and none of which you have ever tried to do, having given it to be understood that they *couldn't* be done. You begin to hate George's father almost as much as you do George.

"I suppose your father writes articles for the magazines, too, doesn't he, George?" you ask sarcastically.

"Sure," says George with disdain. "He does that Sundays—Sunday afternoons."

This just about cleans up George so far as you are concerned, but there are still ten more days of vacation. And during these ten days your son Bill is induced by George to (Please turn to page 66)



Santa Claus

*I love to dream of Santa Claus
Who, disregarding Nature's Laws,
Came sliding down the smallest Chimney
While Strains of Christmastide Polymny
Were borne across the drifted Snow
Of colder Winters, long ago.
He drove a Team of gallant Reindeer,
Not ordinary safe and sane Deer,
But Elk of Polar Solitudes,
Now classed among the Wholesome
Foods.
To Children, Elders, Princes, Peasants,
He brought delightful, Useless Presents*

*Like Toys, and Dainties dry or wet
That Folks won't Buy, but like to Get.
He never gave for Ostentation,
Reward, or Sense of Obligation;
A Saint of boundless Warmth of Heart,
He made Munificence an Art.
Alas! this King of Benefactors
Has Doubters, not to say Detractors:
My Infant Relatives insist
That Santa Claus does not exist!
To which I answer, discontented,
"If not, he ought to be Invented!"*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

In Ye Goode Olde Days

FIRST EXECUTIONER: Good friend, what say ye to a flowing tankard of ale?

SECOND EXECUTIONER: Go to, varlet! December is right nigh upon us, and I have full many tasks to do!

FIRST: Full many tasks? Wherefore?

SECOND: Aye, full many. I must needs behead that scurvy knave, John Boll, that stole the pig from Widow Crom, and likewise that villain, Dick Tanner, that did make so bold as to jest of the King.

FIRST: And they must die?

SECOND: Aye, they must, sire, and so, too, must that ne'er-do-well jester who failed to move the Queen to mirth.

FIRST: But those are but three.

SECOND: Nay, there's two turned traitor

to the Duke's cause, a wench that loved not wisely, and mayhap a dozen small-fry thieves.

FIRST: But all of these, I trow, were not to die until Christmas Day.

SECOND: Addlepat! Where hast thou been this twelve-month? Know ye not that the King has decreed that we, his executioners, must do our Christmas chopping early?

Parke Cummings.

MA HOOPSNAKE: I wish you'd do something about Willie! All that boy does is roll around all day.

PA HOOPSNAKE: Now, Ma, go easy on him—it's only natural for a youngster to want to make hoop.

The Spirit of the Season

JUDGE: Now, madam, you tell your side of this affair.

FIRST LADY: Well, it was this way, your Honor. She was pushing me all the time we were at the counter, until I got exasperated and told her, "Now, *you!* you with the peroxide top, lay off pushing me, or I'll push your face in." She got all het up, and said: "Yes, g'wan and push. . . . Just do me a little favor and push!" So I pushed, and—

JUDGE: That will do. Now you, madam.

SECOND LADY: There ain't much more to tell, your Honor. I guess she told you what happened, all right, only she got the persons a little mixed. *She* started the pushing, not I. And *she*—

JUDGE: Order! Now what I want to know is just what *started* all this—what was it you were both after at the counter?

LADIES: Oh, Judge, it was a card with the darlinest engraved motto:—"Peace on Earth Good Will to Men."

JUDGE: CASE DISMISSED!

POLONIUS TO LAERTES

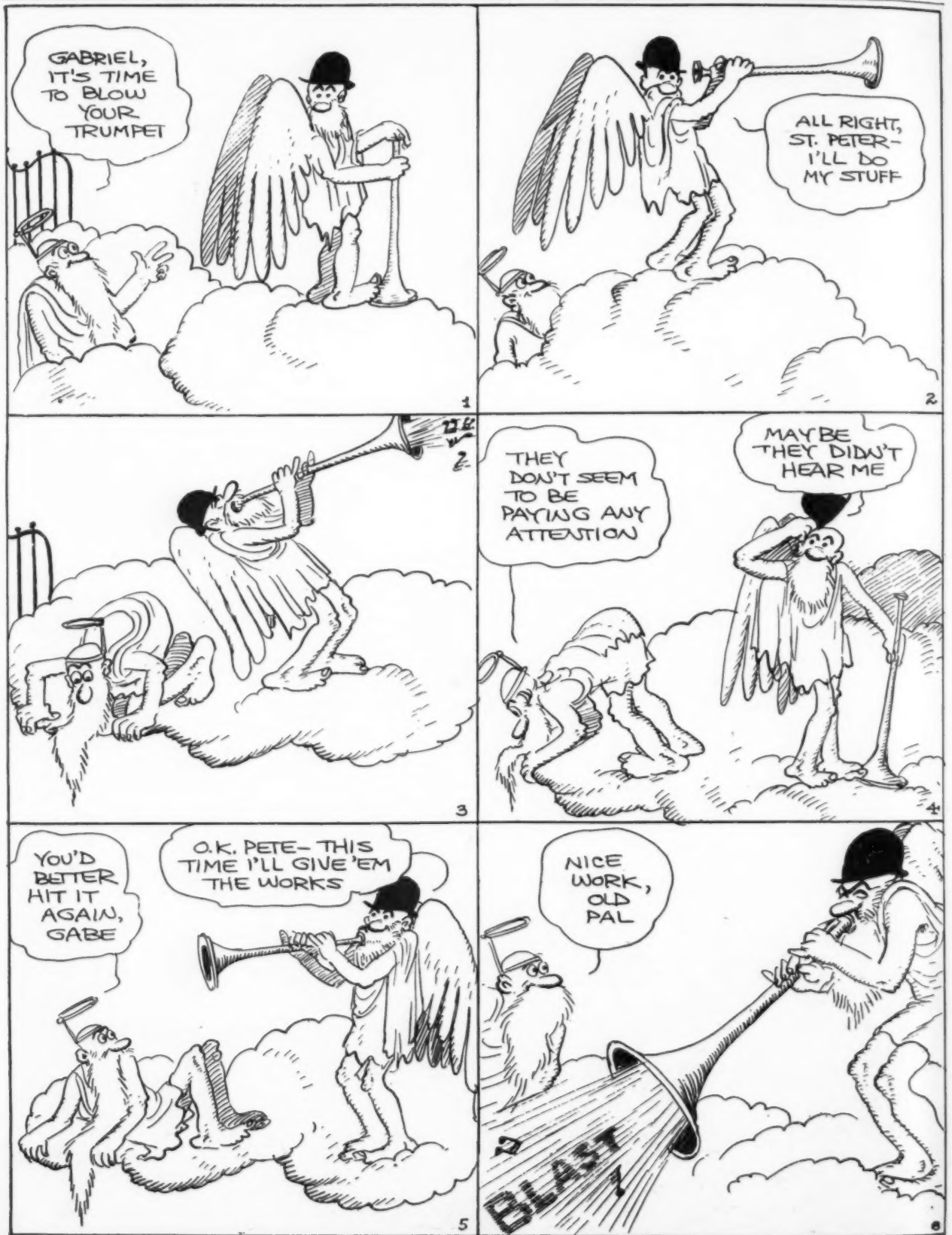
"Now remember," said the wise father to his bright son, "your mother and I have high hopes for you. Indeed, I might say we have the *highest* hopes for you. We want you, we expect you, to make good. We want you to rise to the greatest office in this great country; we intend that, some day, you shall be President of these United States. Therefore, we beg of you, nay, command you, not to spoil your chances and frustrate our ambitions by turning Democrat."



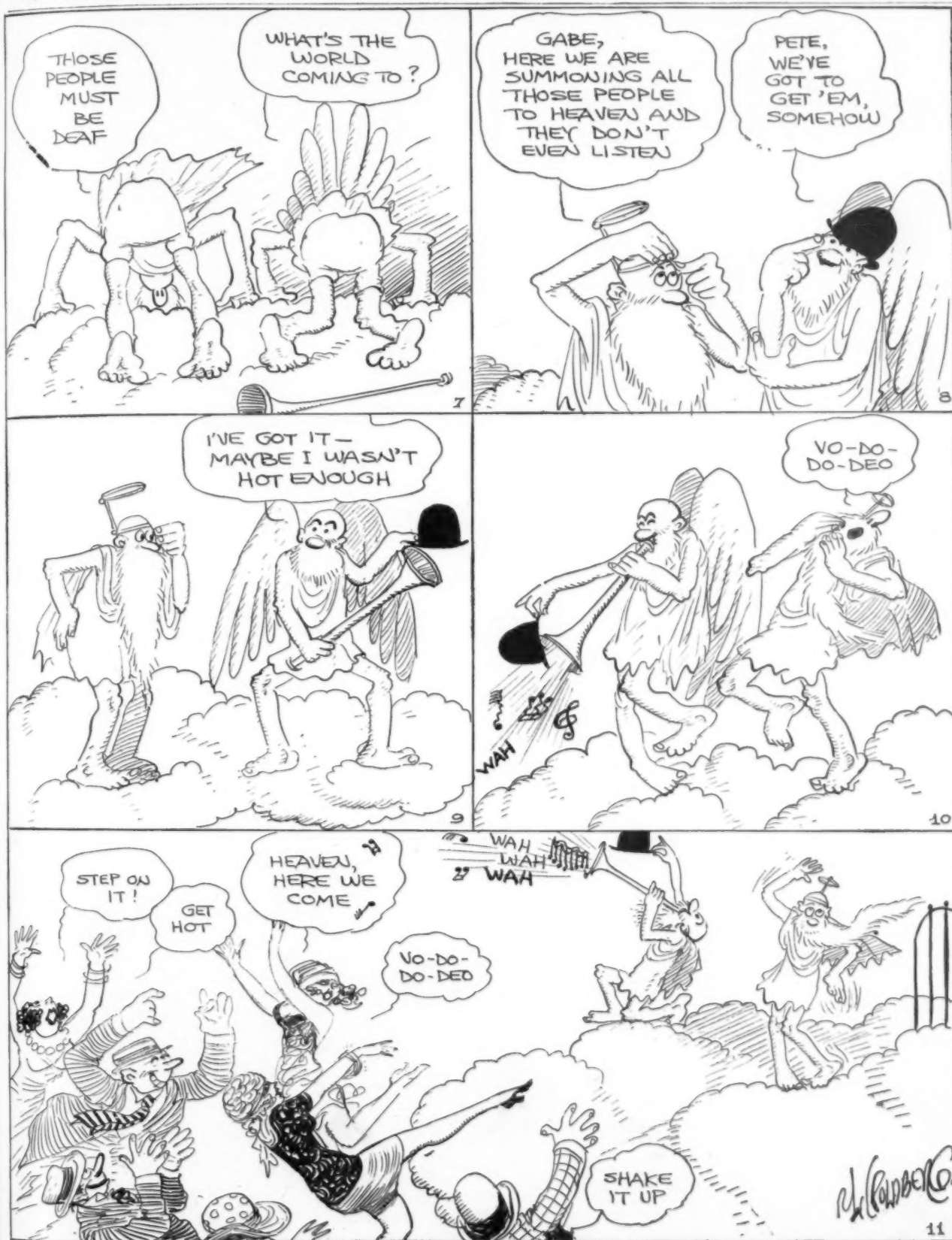
THE EX-PRIZEFIGHTER HANGS UP HIS SOCK



The Poor Little Rich Girl's Christmas



Gabriel Plays



His Trump



SKIPPY'S LETTERS

by
**Percy L.
Crosby**

DEAR SOOKY:

I'm still in the mountains up at Grandma's, an all a feller can do up here is go tobogganing or skating, an talk about tobogganing! Late yesterday afternoon I pulled my sleigh up the mountain, an gee, it was beautiful! All quiet, an way off in the distance, miles an miles away, purple mountains bumped against the sky—it was so blue with ripples of clouds circlin around farrer an farrer, just like a pool of water after a stone's been plopped in.

I go moseying along, chewin the pine needles. Almost all the pines is white pines. Ya can tell a white pine cause it gets growed in a sheaf o' five needles. It looks like a hand to me, an I got lookin at it, an I wonders if a guy has as many friends as that. I mean friends that'd stick by a guy. I counted off the first needle, an that was you, Sook. Then I counted the rest of the real guys I know, an it made four, an one for Carol just made five. Maybe that's why they call it white pine, cause every one of them needles is friends. Then I pass on an see the red pine. They has two needles on a sheaf an look like fangs, so I thought of enemies, but I just chucked it away, cause what's the use of botherin with red pines when the whole mountain is filled with white pines? Tain't worth botherin with, I said to myself.

Then Wingo! my heart turned to a snowball, cause a mess o' partridges

whirred by in front of me an rumbled through the trees with a noise like a thousand butter tubs tumblin down the carpet stairs. When you get away up on the mountain the village seems like a lot o' doll houses down below, an the horses an sleighs hitched to the general store look like ants playin with a spider. Well, off I starts, steering the old flier down through the pines. I goes whizzing down an there before me is the fields of snow, glimmerin in gold an purple, beautifuler than a fairy's wing. An away below, the lake stretches out like a sheet of tin. . . . then I gets to thinkin it ain't been tried out yet, an it may hold me, an then again it mayn't. It wasn't no time to go wonderin cause before I know it I'm skippin clean across it.

Coastin is all I have to do up here except skate, but every Saturday night we have the movies, an the whole town goes. The old men sit on the right, an the old women on the left. Right down in the front is the kids. An way in the back is all woodcutters in checker-board shirts, spittin up an acquaintance with each other.

The first thing the movie shows is moving pictures of forest fires an what the blister rust does to the pines. The movies get this for nothin, an then they show you how whole forests gets took on fire, only it's the same forests every week.

The main picture's nothin like the movies we have. I never seen such actors in all my life! You can hardly see 'em, it's

always rainin so hard in the picture. They play a phonograph over an over. If the picture is a battle scene or a mardy grass it makes no difference. They just play "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" over an over. While it's playin a guy fiddles to keep up with the record. It ain't long before he falls behind, so we have two Bonnies Lie Over the Ocean. Then he gets sneakin up on the record, an before you know it he's galloped past it an you still get two Bonnies. They just don't seem to be able to hit it off together. An all of a sudden, Plowie! the picture busts, leavin you like you was in a tunnel lookin out ahead at nothin but sky. Then all of a sudden comes Jim's ad: "Toys, Dolls, Pads, and artickles too numerous to mention." Then off goes the record an the fiddler starts "Halleluia." This costs Jim 35c a night with awkestra accompnament. Then on goes the picture again, whizzin down like a guy slippin off the mountain. Just as you begin to get some idea of what the picture is about, Snappo!—you get Jim's ad again an "Halleluia." The only person that gets anything out of the movies is Jim.

Well, Sook, I'm comin home pretty soon, an don't forget to tell the gang I'm still captain. Any guy that says I ain't gets a sock in the nose.

Affectionately sincere,

Skippy



The Caliph Does His Christmas Shopping



MOVIE ACTRESS: How did you ever get a reference saying you were a perfect lady's maid?
MAID: I worked for a perfect lady, once.

Statement from Ex-President Will Rogers

(NOTE: Ex-President Rogers, having been elected and having resigned, is prepared to help Mr. Hoover run the country during the next four years. While he refuses to take any active part in the continuance of prosperity, aside from his own, he will issue statements from time to time, and will do everything within his power to justify the faith in him expressed by the voters of the Anti-Bunk Party. His first public utterance since Election Day follows.)

BEFORE the final results of this last Dog Fight get embalmed in the World Almanac, I just want to read one thing into the record so as to get credit for my party in future years.

Now it is well known that the Mellon gang carried Pennsylvania, the Anti-Saloon League carried Ohio, the real estate salesmen carried California, and Tammany carried New York (for everybody but Al).

Yet it is not generally known that the Anti-Bunk Party carried the District of Columbia. Yes, both the Republicans and

Democrats worked hard to swing the vote their way in the city of Washington, but the voters there went practically solid for me.

Now that's what I would call significant. Those people in Washington are more interested in a presidential election than anyone else.

The voters in the rest of the country may get all excited about who is going to run the government and collect their taxes and deliver their mail. But the citizens in Washington are the people that have to live with him for four years.

So the question they ask themselves about every Candidate that comes up is, "Will he make a good Room-mate?"

I'm happy to think they selected me on those grounds.

Outside the District of Columbia I didn't go so good on account of a lot of people not knowing I was running.

Now I'm not going to Alabi myself, I'm not even going to be a Good Sport about it, I know it's customary for a Defeated Candidate to say nobely, "The better man won." But I doubt if in this

case he did. The bigger man and the fatter man won. But that don't make him any better President than I would. I think I could look on the Senate and Congress with as much disdain as any of our other Presidents.

To Al Smith I just want to say that I wouldent for anything have gone into the race and split the vote if I'd known what was going to happen.

But those Republicans are tough birds to beat, Al. They not only have corralled all the best Issues, but they've got all the Government jobs, so they really got something to offer.

Well I am not downhearted, I know that 1932 is coming and by that time they may have new plumbing in the White House. I guess Hoover will spend more getting the place fixed up than Cal did, and so it will be more desirable quarters for me and my family.

In the meantime, I'm working so don't need to worry. Politics is a side-line with me, It's not a business.

So I say to the American people, You voted according to the dictates of your

stomach instead of your heart. You made your choice, now go ahead and regret it.

You will have no fun during the next four years. I would have given you a million laughs by just repeating to you the things I heard Congressmen say.

But if you prefer Statistics to Gags, well that's your look-out.

In closing I again want to thank all those who supported the Anti-Bunk Party, and I want to thank Charles Dana Gibson and his employees like Bob Sherwood and Bob Benchley that acted as my local Raskobs, And I want to say that LIFE did much better by me than the New York World did by Al Smith.

WILL.

The "Don't Open Until Xmas" Package

I BELIEVE I shall divorce my husband—and just because he is a professor of psychology, and takes advantage of it.

About two weeks before Christmas the package arrived. For the first ten days I held out by sheer force of will. (Actually, I had locked the thing in a closet, and thrown the key away.) But then—then I weakened, and finally, only two days before the day of triumph would have dawned, I broke down, and then I broke down the door to the closet. I tore the confounded thing open, wrapping by wrapping, until there was nothing else to

tear. At first I could see nothing—but finally I lifted this note from the bottom of the box: "Kindly present this notice Xmas morning for annual gift. Signed, HUBBY."

Bernard Teran.



MRS. JONES: I wish you wouldn't speak when I'm interrupting.

Greetings of the Season

I just love Christmas cards.

The arty kind, with woodcuts of log-houses or wooded hills on a buff background.

The nouveau-arty kind, with angular people in lopsided archways on bright vermilion paper.

The pretty kind, with graceful pastel ladies in bouffant draperies beside slim young men in very tall hats.

The comic kind, with a nag looking over a fence and a caption saying, "I'm getting ho(a)rse wishing you a Mare-y Christmas."

The sentimental kind, with birds in a welter of flowers, and a four-line verse that scans on the fifth attempt.

I'm crazy about Christmas cards.

I've often wondered what connection they have with Christmas.

J. B. B.

THE RIGHT PLACE

MOTHER: Now that the children have returned to school, I'm going on my vacation.

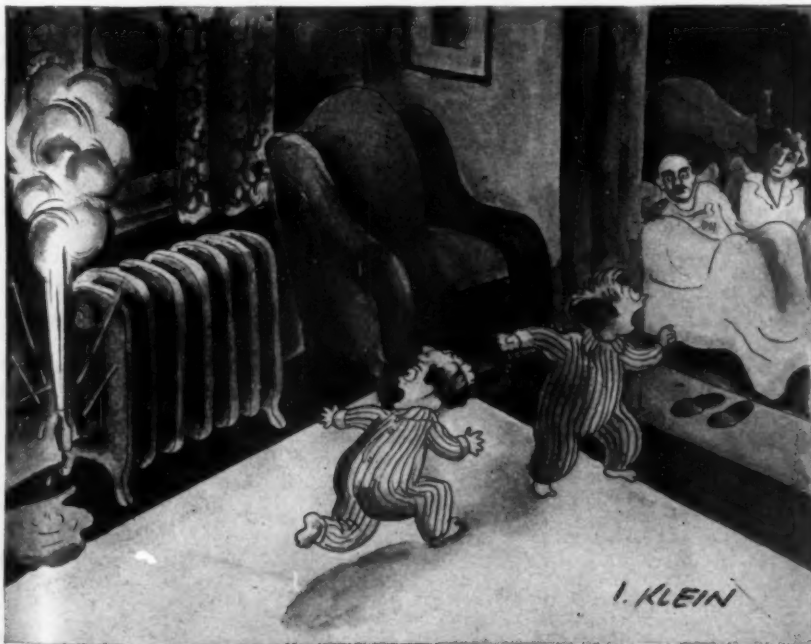
FRIEND: Where are you going?

MOTHER: To bed!

"I AM burning with love for you."

"Oh, don't make a fuel of yourself."

— Page 25



"Ma, look at the radiator! Santa Claus must be coming."



MR. KOHN: Hey, brighten up! Smile at 'em. We ain't payin' you thirty cents an hour just to sit there and mope.

Mr. Lardner's Christmas List

DAMON RUNYON, Bill McGeehan,
F. P. Adams, Dotty Parker,
Greta Garbo, Thomas Meighan,
Dave Belasco, Granville Barker,
Mary Pickford, Lily Gish,
H. H. Rogers, Stuyvey Fish,
Herbert Hoover, Herbert Swope,
John Roach Straton and the Pope,
Henry Raleigh, C. D. Gibson,
Thornton Wilder, Will Durant,
Oscar Wilde and Henrik Ibsen,
Mabel ("Peaches") Willebrandt,
Robert Benchley, Peter Kyne,
Robert Sherwood, S. Van Dine,
Helen Hayes and Ethel Barrymore,
Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt,
William Hearst and G. H. Lorimer,
Edna Ferber, Frazier Hunt,
Philip Armour, Arthur Meeker,
Connie Mack and Tristram Speaker,
Walter Catlett, Leon Errol,
Walter Chrysler, Henry Ford,
Irvin Cobb and Scott Fitzgerald',

Dudley Digges and Pauline Lord,
Oscar Shaw and Gertie Lawrence,
Vilma Banky, Ernest Torrence,
Florenz Ziegfeld, Charlie Dillingham,
Alfred Smith and Chrystal Herne,
Eddie Wynn (that ever willing ham),
George S. Kaufman, Jerry Kern,
J. P. Morgan, Caleb Bragg,
Fielding Yost, Alonzo Stagg,
James B. Cabell, Sherwood Anderson,
John McCormack, Otto Kahn,
H. L. Mencken, Julia Sanderson,
Charlie Chaplin, Allan Dwan,
Billy Sunday, Cotton Mather,
Josie Herbst and Willa Cather,
Big Ed Walsh and Willie Kamm and
Lefty Grove and Edgar Guest,
St. John Ervine, Percy Hammond,
Buster Keaton, Buster West,
Buster Collier, Buster Brown,
Buster Up and Buster Down,
George H. Ruth and Leo Donnelly,
Charlie Ross and Marcus Connelly,

Georgie Gershwin, Vincy Youmans,
All the Levys, all the Newmans,
All the Vanderbilts and Astors,
George Jean Nathan, Ed Lee Masters,—
That's a partial roster or
List of people I'm a friend to,
Whom I ain't bought presents for
And moreover don't intend to.

Ring Lardner.

EVERLASTINGLY AT IT

COLUMBUS kept right on trying; Robert Bruce resolved never to give up; Grant announced that he would do it, if it took all summer; and the clothiers of America continue to proclaim that styles in Men's wear change radically, at least once a year.

THE ABSOLUTE MONARCH

WIFE: Oh, John; I've such bad news.

HUSBY: What's the matter, dear?

WIFE: The cook has ordered us to leave on Saturday.



"Bobby, please stop that noise—I'm trying to gargle."

THE LOVE-YOUR-MOTHER CORPORATION



Which are you?
The man who doesn't — or the man who does?

(An Advertisement, Maybe)

HAVE you a dear old mother in some distant city or 'way down on the farm?

Do you love her?

If so, put her completely in our hands and let us be a loving son or daughter to her. Get over that guilty feeling you now have most of the time because you neglect her—the best friend you ever had. We do everything.

Once a week we send her a master mother letter, written by one of our experts. Frequently we send her flowers, candy, tidbits, smoking tobacco, old razor blades, and other knickknacks to let her know you love her. On Mother's Day we send her a special surprise package, and at Christmas we simply knock her eyes out with lovely presents. At the end of the first year of our service your mother will be a different mother. Your attentiveness will have put pounds on her, and smiles will beam on the dear old face where once dwelt lines of care. She will wonder what has come over you and she will think that at last you have become the kind of son or daughter she has always wanted you to be.

Our letters ring true. They are form letters, but they reach the mother heart, and they are signed with a rubber stamp of your own signature. We guarantee that they cannot be told from genuine letters by anybody over sixty-five years old.

This corporation was formed by men who had mothers themselves and still have them. They know what mothers want.

We realize that mothers want to know the little things rather than the big things, so we talk about your catching cold and then about your getting over it, and things like that. You may be a railroad president to some people but you are only a little boy to your mother.

Your mother writes to you, doesn't she? Then write to her.

Put your mother on our mailing list today.

Remember, our service covers the entire mother situation. We periodically warn her not to fall down the cellar stairs, and we urge her to eat more, and we keep at her all winter to be careful about slippery sidewalks and such. We give her the nagging she expects from you.

If you love YOUR mother, put her in the hands of this old established house.

Sign up today for our love-your-mother service, and forget her!

Don Herold.

TRIOLET CONCERNING A PASSIONATE YOUNG MAN

Love is for the Livers,
And Life for those who Love.
His every neurone quivers!
Love is for the Livers:
He soars above the rivers
Of indifference like a dove.
Love is for the Livers,
And Life for those who Love!
Peter.

CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON

(In the Home of a Mental Efficiency Expert)

MOTHER: Shush! Children, you must be quiet. Your father's gone to his room to ignore the January bills.

WHY not a motion picture written expressly for Greta Garbo entitled, "The Clinging Fool"?



SOUTH AMERICAN MOTHER: And this Christmas Santa Claus is coming to you from 'way up in North America, on a battleship.



Hunting Big Game

His One Night Out

"Kris," said his wife to old man Kringle, "my suspicions are confirmed by the cover of this Christmas magazine which came this afternoon."

Kris looked up from a late batch of Christmas lists. "What suspicions, my dear?" he inquired, his ruddy complexion turning a trifle ruddier.

"That you don't only visit the little children upon your annual trips, as you've been telling me all these years," said his wife.

"Don't be ridiculous!" exclaimed Kris, bending again to the lists before him.

"I'm not. Look at this!" She held up

the magazine, upon the bright cover of which was Kris Kringle to the life. He was shown standing before a fireplace as he gazed at a beautiful girl dozing in a large chair. She had evidently fallen asleep while disrobing for bed. But the artist had not been too sketchy in indicating this fact. The girl was not too adequately clothed, and her pretty legs, crossed at the knees, still were enclosed in their silken sheaths. The picture was titled: "Santa Claus finds Two Stockings Already Full."

"Oh, piffle!" remarked Kris, giving the picture a quick glance. "That's nothing but some fool artist's imagination!"

His wife put down the magazine. "All

right—maybe it is," she said, "but just the same, this year I'm going on the trip with you."

Fred B. Mann.

A Christmas Acrostic

C is for candles that set things on fire;
H is for holly (gets drier and drier);
R is for reindeer, a myth for the small;
I is the ice that we slip on and fall;
S is for Santa, with whiskers so white;
T is the trousers that fit him too tight;
M is for mistletoe—come and get kissed!
A is Aunt Alice, who tried it and missed.
S is the sap who composed this acrostic:

Norman R. Jaffray.
(And isn't he caustic?)



"Now, Paw, you leave the turkey alone and git back to the cider barrel where you belong."

Melodies of the Months

DECEMBER is Kris Kringle month,
A hug-the-hearth-and-ingle month,
When one must pay, alackaday, one's final
income tax,
A drink-a-toast-to-Dickens month,
A hark-the-plot-now-thickens month
When presto! springs a pair of wings
from naughty children's backs.

December is a jolly month,
A mistletoe-and-holly month,
A month of bells whose chiming tells the
parting of the year,
A send-a-gift-or-greeting month,
A pocketbook-depleting month,
A month of mirth, of peace on earth, of
hearty Christmas cheer.

Arthur L. Lippmann.

NOWADAYS the only sign of toil on
a girl's hand is an engagement ring.

Page 30 —

And Now About Peace on Earth!

by
E. S.
Martin

More conspicuously even than in the churches it is a festival in the shops. The Jews, who include an important proportion of our most diligent shopkeepers, heartily approve of Christmas and keep it apparently without prejudice.

That means that it has become abundantly secularized; also considerably paganized, which is natural enough, for, as we all know, it is a festival in which a Christian superstructure was imposed on a pagan foundation.

Nevertheless Christmas is not all secularized nor all paganized. Its slogan (so

to speak) is still Peace and Good Will. Those are the words identified in millions of minds with the original Christmas announcement. They have the advantage of being simple, brief and easily remembered. One may forget what Locarno stands for and only vaguely remember that the spirit of Locarno was hailed as the spirit of peace, but nobody forgets Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, or has any doubt what it means.

We are just out of a political campaign where there has been a great deal of talk about issues. The great issue in the world at this time is this one of peace on earth. It is all kinds of an issue, political, religious, economic, racial, hygienic. The feeling about it is very generally that we must have it; that if we go on with wars we shall wake up some morning trying to find our way around on another plane to which we have been abruptly removed because we had (Please turn to page 62)



Christmas Is Only December 25th Along the Main Stem

by
Walter
Winchell

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Merry Ecksmus yourself! And don't make me laff! From my box-seat on this so-called Gay White Way it isn't so merry. To hear the natives argue it, it is a lot of whoopee—without the letter "p," or am I over your head? No kiddin', Willard, Broadway — and one speaks of the very heart of it (which is the actor)—will tell you that the old Stem which is supposed to be the merriest alley in the whole world (and it usually is) is also the unhappiest thoroughfare at this time of the year. In fewer words, the only Santy Clauses on Broadway are those anemic-looking representatives of the Salvation Army that monitor the huge black kettles on the corners to receive the coins of the passersby.

Broadway, old pal, may look like a Christmas tree from 53rd Street looking south, because of its countless colorful bulbs, and don't forget there is all of that "tinsel," too! But Broadway is a pretty friendless spot if you happen to be in the show business or if you happen to be broke, which is just another way of saying the same thing.

Oh, I know what you're saying. I know there is a certain amount of gaiety and that Xmas spirit, but they are charging at least six bits a swallow for it even in the second-rate places. What I thought would make your holiday a little less gay was telling you how miserable the lads and lassies are who belong to the supposed-to-be Big Time street of the world. And believe you me, Willard, they are plenty unhappy. Take it from this former ham, who still is one of them in his heart.

Of course I am leaving out the guy who is prospering. He can afford to go home for the holidays if it isn't too far away. He can afford to come home loaded with goodies for his mater, pater and his sister's kids, but the mug who has been laying off for the last six months and doesn't know where Next Week is

coming from, and still is idle, isn't in the mood to yell "Whoopee" or even fake it.

All right, chuck in the actor who is working! So what? So the same to you, then! What does he do? The good old Christmas spirit makes him do an extra performance without pay that day—four shows if the policy of the dump happens to be three, and five if he happens to be working for the Loew Circuit, which is usually four and five on Saturdays, Sundays and (heheh) Holidays!

And while the subject is up, that goes for the Pantages Circuit and all of the other chains that have big-hearted managers who send back a sandwich with their regards. We still are gabbing about

the working actor, mind. Let's say he is working in New York. If he happens to be near the N. V. A. Club (which is a spot the managers promoted to keep the hambos from squawking too loud), he frequents the place where they advertise a nice big Christmas dinner gratis!

A nice big Christmas dinner consisting of ginger ale and dainty sandwiches and a hunk of marble cake. Isn't that a lovely dish to set before an acrobat? Well, anyhow, that's what you get and you like it! While most other folk are tearing a turkey or punishing a plum pudding or massacring cranberry sauce, the average actor and actress are trying to kid themselves into being happy with what is better described as a load of raspberries and a dish of managerial applesauce.

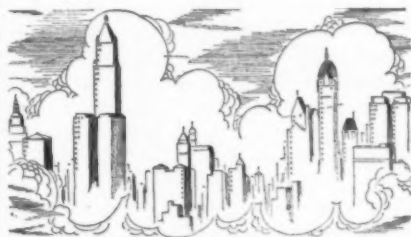
But that's what you get for being a ham and it was one of the reasons I went to the depths and started working for a tabloid. But that's another sad story which I shall have to tell you about some time, when you are on the verge of a crying jag.

In sum, mine pel, Christmas is the time of the year when most actors wish they had saved a dollar a week! Ask any of them to name you the three worst weeks in the season and I'll spot you 8 to 5 the retort is: "St. Paul, Syracuse and Xmas Week!" And did you know that the only Xmas tree on Broadway is the evergreen that the New York Edison Company erects at 43rd Street annually? Well, it is, and while I guess the Edison Company plants it there to provide a bit of Ecksmus spirit, it also is a damb fine ad for them. But mebbe I'm getting too sassy.

Nope, Willard, There Ain't No Santa Claus on Broadway!

But we have plenty of Xmas benefits! Ooohmyess! Benefits for this and benefits for that. Benefits for this charity and benefits for that church. But all of them are possible only because New York has always had enough sapadillos among the theatrical (Please turn to page 58)

The Wonder City



New York, glorious mistress of the seven seas,

*Peopled by a race of many nationalities:
How your spires beckon in the western light,*

Each a glittering, glowing, glorious stalagmite!

*Masterpiece of moderns, opus of all time,
Blending from cacophony, rhapsody sublime—*

You deserve the fealty of most gallant knights.

Perfume should your zephyrs be, gold your streets, by rights;

Tower-high your standards fly—in the breeze they dance:

Cohen and Finkelstein and Cohn—coats, and vests and pants!

BERTHOLD GOLDSMITH, JR.

My Lady's Cigarette

SKETCHES BY
JOHN LA GATTA

VERSES BY
JEROME BARRY



THE AMATEUR

Marian places her thumb below
And all four fingers upon the top,
As though each covered a tiny stop
Of a flageolet and she meant to blow
A song of satyrs and Pan, the Goat
(Before they met with their taking
off)—

But all one hears is a tiny cough
When a wisp of smoke gets down her
throat.



THE TAPPER

Dorothy fishes one out with care
And raps its end on the cardboard box;
Then on her thumbnail thrice she
knocks;
She doesn't know why. But it's debonair!
And while she's smoking, her fingers
twitter,—
A flick with this one, a tap with that!
No ash can last while you'd murmur
"scat."

(The housemaid's glances are glum and
bitter.)

THE CONFIRMED ADDICT

Jane inhales like a suction cleaner,
Absorbing smoke to her inmost places;
And then it trickles through words and
phrases
For minutes after. Her face is leaner
Than once it was, and her sleep is rest-
less.
She tells of the packs she smokes each
day,
And boasts that her nerves are fraz-
zled away.
Her greatest zest is in being zestless.



MRS. PEP'S DIARY



by
Baird
Leonard

NOVEMBER 14—The first post filled with letters from kindly persons who wish to aid me in my quest for the verse about the survivors of the fiery furnace, and it does appear that a deal of rhyming, all of it amusing, has been done for those three enduring gentlemen. Two copies of the version I was after did come from Evelyn Friede, the publisher, who tells me that "Warm Babies" will be included in a volume of Keith Preston's verse which her firm will put out next spring and that she considers it far superior to anything done by Milton or any other poet who dealt with biblical subjects. My favorite lines are the following appeal to Nebuchadnezzar:

"Abednego yell, wid a loud 'Kerchoo!'
'Is you out to freeze us, you great big Jew?'"

albeit the concluding couplets have no insignificant place in English literature:

"Then Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego,
Hay foot, straw foot, three in a row,
Stepped right smart from dat oven door
Jes' as good as they wuz before,
An' far as Nebuchadnezzar could find,
Jes' as good as they wuz behind."

To the florist's for some pink roses to take Effie Goings as a birthday tribute, and I did also give her six fine linen luncheon napkins edged with Cluny which I did make myself through my great affection for her, and even my servant Virgie was obliged to admit that they had no made-with-loving-hands look and that any casual inspector might credit them to the Maison de Blanc, such pains had I taken with the insertion of the Venise initials.

NOVEMBER 15—At my Christmas list all the morning, greatly depressed at its length and the folly of laying out so much money for presents which will probably not please the recipients one-half as much as they delight me, and I do verily believe that this year I shall give everybody either liquor or Russian caviar, however much such a policy may resemble the



"Carry your bag, Mister?"



THE NIGHTIE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Yuletide largesse of theatrical managers. Reading in the public prints how Mrs. Catt tells women that they are the slaves of vanity, and agreeing with her, too, for Lord! when I do not have time to go to the barber, I do fancy that everyone conversing with me is painfully conscious that my hair is too long on the right side, so that frequently I am impelled to whack at it myself, with decidedly unaesthetic results. It is also true that my brain does not work with its proper dispatch if my nails are not perfectly manicured, so that my husband does frequently remark how fortunate it is that I am not Madame Curie, or someone of similar mental responsibilities. To the Bannings' for dinner, all very convivial, and Bob did remark that anybody looking at Samuel would never dream there was such a thing as Prohibition in this country.

FASHION HINT

According to the styles exposed
In every modiste's shop,
Legs now are worn much longer,
With a girl perched up on top.



KINDLY OLD LADY: And whose little boy are you?

URCHIN: So you've been wondering, too!

Bigger and Better New Year

"JOHN, two men came in a truck and delivered a rug this afternoon. I haven't bought any rug and if it's a surprise from you, you ought to have known we haven't any use for another rug."

"Oh, did it come?"

"I told them it couldn't be for us but they insisted on leaving it, so I told them I'd wait for you."

"Did you open it?"

"Of course not. It's going right back. Where on earth are we going to put another rug?"

"It's no rug. And it's not going back. I had quite a job getting that man's-size calendar."

Bill Sykes.

Thoughts of a Girl at Palm Beach

GOSH I simply can't understand how these dowdy females with box-pleated tummies have the nerve to appear in one-piece suits it's positively revolting they're simply disgusting-looking my legs are getting a simply marvelous tan at this point but I'll look like nothing human in an evening gown unless I can slide down these shoulder straps or something and toast the white open spaces I wish that fresh benny would stop staring at me he's entirely too fresh I wonder if he's married he's quite intriguing-looking gosh I simply can't understand how those odd women can stand out there up to their ankles and shriek it simply slays me gosh what a divine place this would be for a romance or something isn't it funny how a palm-tree always seems to suggest things damn these

sand fleas they're so intimate there's that fascinating-looking bimbo again I wonder if I ought to freeze him with a glacial glare if he tries to speak to me heavens I can't bear it if that big berth is his wife or something why is it attractive men marry such poisonous-looking females gosh I thought I'd have hysterics when that strange youth I met last night said the only touch I needed to add when I wore this scanty little bathing frock was to let down my hair and I'd look like Lady Godiva no less he was terribly fresh but I have got a stunning figure I bet that bird is near-sighted or something he walked right by me without looking. . . .

Lloyd Mayer.

WHEN the Christmas fever subsides, Father comes down with a severe case of shell-out shock.

The Christmas Gift

(A Study in Metamorphosis)

	1901	1910	1920	1928
For the small boy of the family:	Ten cents' worth of red and white striped candy and an orange.	Tin express wagon labeled "Rough Rider."	Pedal-propelled vehicle fashioned to represent a Baltimore & Ohio locomotive.	Five-foot model monoplane with genius for steering directly at heads of passersby.
For the younger daughter:	A rather rigid doll with head and hair modeled from same lump of china.	Bisque doll with eyes closing and opening to accompaniment of thudding sound.	French doll able to enunciate "Mom-ah!" upon abdominal manipulation.	Miniature vanity case; exact duplicate of adult model, with exception that cigarettes are of candy.
For big brother:	Dollar watch with fob featuring horse's head and crossed whips.	Bicycle complete with coaster brake and nickel-plated chime bell.	Red-enameled motorcycle with removable muffler.	European raceabout with small-displacement motor and custom body.
For big sister:	Hair-ribbon tied into butterfly bow and fastened to hairpin.	Flowered silk petticoat with fourteen-inch flounce.	Twenty-four pairs chiffon hose in gunmetal shade.	European raceabout with small-displacement motor and custom body.
For mother:	Hunting-case watch dangling from pink-enamel fleur-de-lis.	Garnet-encrusted back-comb of tortoise shell.	Platinum wrist watch with flexible ditto strap.	Dinner ring created by Tiffany's head designer.
For father:	Magenta and yellow striped necktie.	Magenta and yellow polka-dot necktie.	Magenta and yellow plaid necktie.	Magenta and yellow striped necktie.

E. B. Crosswhite.



"Oh, I don't care what color the pillow is. I'm only using it for a stomach!"



"No, he isn't Santa Claus-conscious yet."



"S all right, officer, I'm just going down the chimney to give the dear kiddies a treat."



"My dear, your skirt is positively dragging!"



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

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Mr. Hoover's South American cruise ought to be good business and good

diplomacy. Since our President-designate (he won't be President-elect, remember, till the electoral votes are formally cast and officially counted) was presumably set in motion by domestic rather than foreign exigencies, there seems no reason to fear that he will bring back with him such a cargo of ill-will as Mr. Wilson brought back from his unlucky excursion to Paris. Mr. Wilson, by force of circumstances, was compelled to appear to the Europeans in the red coat and white whiskers of Santa Claus, whose pack was full of good things for all good children; and after considerable argument as to who were the good children and who were not, it turned out that there were not enough prize packages to go round.



Mr. Hoover seems to think, and most people will agree with him, that modern diplomacy is mainly a job for business men. The professionalizing of the American diplomatic service which has been gradually progressing for twenty years past is a good thing, but there seems to be a feeling in Washington that the professionals, the career men, are too much under the tradition of pre-war diplomacy when an ill-chosen phrase might mean the difference between peace and war, and success could be attained by an aptitude for dining out. At any rate Mr. Coolidge has set a callous Vermont foot on the proposal of the career men to regard themselves in a different class from other executive appointees. Some of them were

going to ignore the practice of turning in their resignations on March 4; they meant to go right on at the desk, as if we still had the same old President. Possibly Mr. Coolidge also wishes we were going to have the same old President; but he knows that we are not and he is going to make the diplomats know it too.



A GREAT deal has been said about the absurdity of our system of selecting ambassadors, which till lately was also the system of selecting consuls and secretaries of legation. We give the most important posts in our foreign service to politicians of the winning faction, or personal friends of the President, or heavy contributors to the campaign fund. Certainly that practice has occasionally given strange and terrible tenants to American embassies; but in the main it has worked far better than we had any right to expect. What professional diplomats, of our own or any other nation, have been more successful in recent years than Colonel House, the Texas politician; Mr. Herrick, the Cleveland banker; Mr. Morrow, the Wall Street banker; or Mr. Houghton, the Corning, N. Y., glass manufacturer? The experts are still wondering just why the voters of New York, who rejected Al Smith and chose a Democratic Governor by a narrow margin, so decisively refused to send Mr. Houghton to the Senate in place of the amiable but not very overwhelming Dr. Copeland. But whatever the reason, the country is probably better off for their refusal; Mr. Houghton will be more useful in the London embassy, to which he returns. For one reason, he will be three thousand miles farther away from Senator Borah, unless Mr. Hoover should make Borah Secretary of State.

And until that appointment is actually offered, and actually accepted, some of us will refuse to believe that the Great Nega-tionist of the Senate could be reckless enough to take a job where he might have to do something affirmative now and then.

CURIOUSLY enough, in all the generally optimistic declarations provoked by the decennial of the Armistice, the one sour note was sounded by that White House spokesman of the majority American opinion, the Honorable Calvin Coolidge, who said that we must have faith in other men and other nations, but not too much faith. And the worst of it is that he was right. The principal danger confronting mankind today, barring an unpredictable and unlikely explosion of the solar system, is that civilization may some day commit suicide by another general war. There is small chance of that while the memories of the last war are still keen, but in twenty or thirty years a generation will have grown up which, to judge from present indications, will know the war of 1914 mainly as a felicitous occurrence that repealed the outworn moral code of the nineteenth century. Possibly that repeal was a good thing, but with a great price obtained we this freedom; and it does not appear that any new moral code is fastening itself on society, so rigorous and burdensome that it would be worth another war to get rid of it.



WE have invented plenty of substitutes for war—perhaps too many; but unless we want to take the appalling chances of another war we must educate ourselves and our children to use those substitutes, and to put up with the consequences, even if they are not agreeable to our national self-esteem. It is argued, and perhaps it is true, that no self-respecting people could accept a national humiliation. In the next two or three decades no great power is likely to be put to that test. But if we are going to rely on arbitration and international law the time may come when some great power—not least plausibly the United States—may have to choose between the hazard and cost of a great war, and putting up with what its citizens may regard as an intolerable national humiliation. We can choose one course or the other; but freedom from the material wreckage, the intellectual and moral distortions, of war is no more to be had without a great price than any other kind of freedom worth having.

Elmer Davis.



Good Will to Men





e workin' by next year, Papa?"

the dear reindeer.



Our dear subject at 49° below zero.

TWO stylish gents asked me today why reindeers purr like rabbits



Rabbit purring at 2 P.M.

and me I has to up and say that I've forgot their habits.



Scotch reindeer guzzling pink snow. (Probably winter care.)

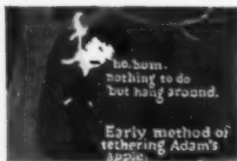
But I can chant their chassis facts: They're not so well designed;

they pack a flock of antlers and they're very blond behind.



Sparking of a blond behind.

They sport a batch of whiskers where their Adam's apple's tethered



be.bom. nothing to do but hang around.

Early method of tethering Adam's apple.

and from exposure to the air their hox are slightly weathered.



Weather bureau at Ust Ioki.



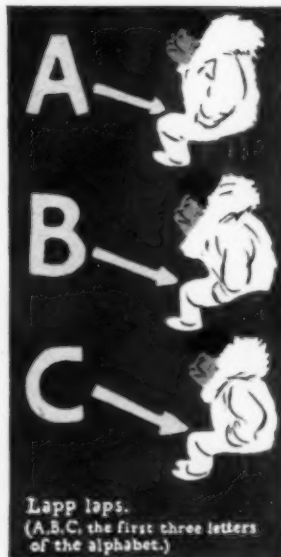
The famous Gwyllch reindeer of the XI century. From an old spasm.

As per our conscientious cut, they're hairy on their muzzles;



Snout of our subject. This shows plainly that only one end of the hair is attached, the other being not attached.

it's awful sweet to look at but it tickles when they nuzzles.



Lapp laps. (A.B.C. the first three letters of the alphabet.)

Whenever reindeers navigate the bosky Lapp savannas,

the nourishment they ruminate is palm seeds and bananas.



Our subject acquiring palm seeds.

But still and all and by the way, I'm puzzled not a few,



Early historical incident.

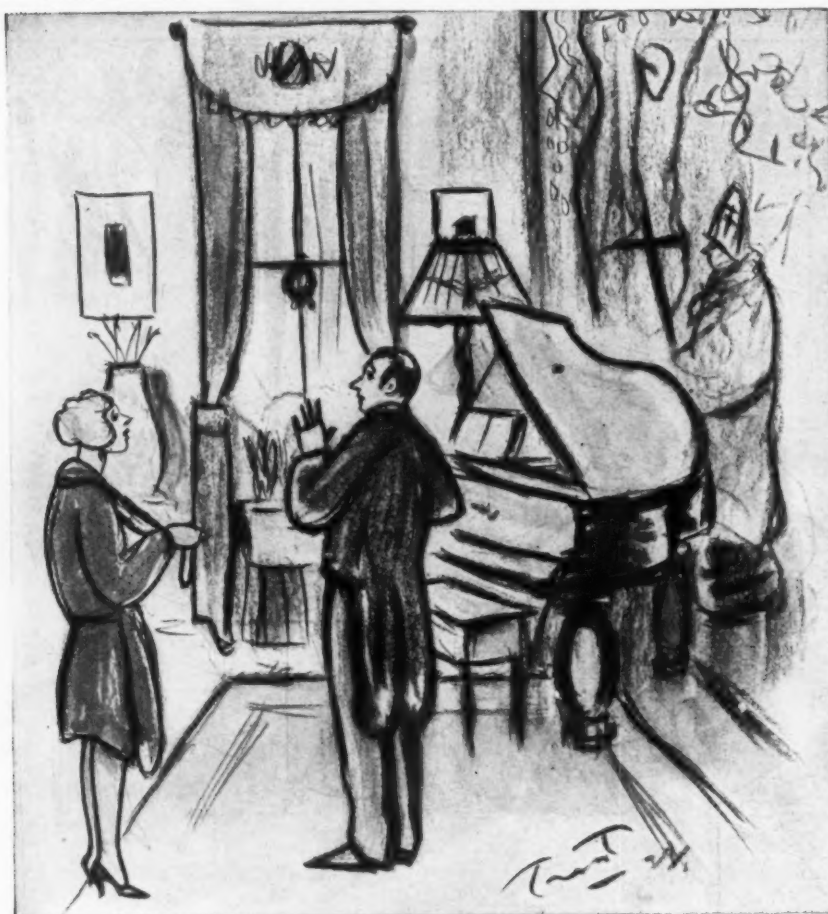
why reindeers purr like rabbits. Say, I wonder if they do.



Two yearning reindeer feather importers at class reunion.



The Man Who Hummed a Christmas Carol the Day After Christmas



"Thank you, Peters. That wreath in the window gives just the right touch of Christmas cheer."

FORMULA FOR PROSPERITY — Load a man with "Conveniences," then work him to death paying for them.

"Was that Western talkie any good?"
"Sure. You could even hear the cattle rustling."

Love Conquers All!

KENNETH and I are very much in love, though we can't get married for a long time. We became engaged one night when there wasn't anything else to do, and, of course, that necessitated finding some place in which to kiss each other and find out What It's All About.

Ken lives at a club and I live at home, so we were driven out into the cold, heartless city to find a proper place for our devotions.

At first we tried taxicabs, but that was too expensive.

Then we tried doorways for awhile. We pretended not to notice passers-by who gave us inquisitive looks, or tenants who were always going in or taking the dog out. However, one night as I looked adoringly into Kenneth's eyes and murmured, "What makes you so wonderful?" I unthinkingly leaned against six or seven bells at once. On our way home we tore up our list of doorways.

We began dropping into our friends' apartments for bridge, and then casually suggesting that they go to a movie, that we didn't play bridge very well, and that they shouldn't bother about entertaining us. But when even our best friends refused to be ousted out of their apartments in this fashion, we became desperate.

Bus tops, movies, and even the dim corners of our favorite speakeasies were most unsatisfactory. We went to the park, but we saw there so many horrible examples of how shameless love can make people that we almost broke our engagement.

Then came that momentous evening when we strolled through the great railroad station....

In the lines which form in front of the



BEHIND THE SCENES OF A GREAT INDUSTRY
Writing the Libretto of a Successful Musical Comedy



"And before we part, Sir Basil, permit me to remind you that there are now only sixteen more shopping days before Christmas."

various gates leading to departing trains, we saw couples kissing each other in enraptured farewells. When the trains were called, most of these couples remained in fond embrace, until finally the man broke away and ran for his train and the girl, tear-blinded, stumbled away to keep another date.

Here was romance! Here was a torrent of humanity, eddying about entrances and exits and trickling off to Oshkosh, Kokomo, Glenwood Manor and points east, intent upon a million different missions. Here were mad, ecstatic meetings, tragic separations, suspense, drama, glamour.

Ken and I are very happy now. Night finds us in front of "Tracks 19 to 32," where we indulge in long, passionate kisses and look despairingly into each

other's eyes, until the trains are called and most of the people disperse. Then we hurry over to the next track where a crowd is forming, and so on, far into the night.

About two A. M. we usually go home, a bit tired, but still in love. Some day, perhaps, we'll settle down in a little station all our own, and raise a family of traveling salesmen—or will they be train announcers?

Betty Crawford.

HIGH PRESSURE

HILL: Did Cohen try hard to sell you some of his goods?

GILL: Did he? He almost talked his arm off.

ART

ONCE upon a time, three men—a man of genius, a man of ideals, and a man of experience—set out to create a great work of art.

"How brilliant!" was the verdict on the first man's efforts.

"How beautiful!" was said of the second's.

But it was the third who won the prize.

"How true!" the world said.

C. G. S.

SIMILE: "As full of the joyous Christmas Spirit as a movie star posing in Santa Claus costume for pictures (to be published in the Christmas numbers of the fan magazines) on a hot afternoon in July."



BASEBALL FAN: Slide, you rummy—SLIDE!

Hollywood Idyl

"HELLO, Moe."

"Hello, Joe."

"Howzit with you, baby?"

"Not bad. Howzit with you?"

"Aw, I been mailin' out a lotta Christmas cards to a lotta mugs. It's the bunk."

"Yeh, it burns me up—wastin' good stamps once a year wishin' a Merry

Christmas to a lotta apes that you hope'll choke."

"Yeh, gummin' up the mails sendin' cards to thugs like Ham Ginsberg an' Nate Zipser!"

"Yeh, that whole mob over at Superb Productions is arsenic to me."

"Yeh, an' that bunch over at Magnificent—Louie Carter an' Mike Kelly—they'd cop Santa Claus's beard right off

his pan if they only got the chanc't."

"Yeh. Herb Applebaum over at Allied Producers has prob'ly got a mortgage on the reindeer."

"But a guy's got to keep dishin' out the banana extract to them bandits."

"Yeh. Sendin' 'em Christmas cards is good publicity for a guy."

"Yeh, it keeps 'em from forgettin' a guy's name—the dirty tramps!"

"Say, Joe, are you gonna send a card to Manny over at Acme Pictures?"

"Naw. I don't hafta. Manny's one white little guy—I like him. I don't need to send him no card."

"Naw. A guy'd be a chump to send Christmas cards to his friends."

"Well, gimme a buzz over at the club sometime."

"Yeh. If I don't buzz you, buzz me."

"So long, Moe."

"So long, Joe."

Robert Lord.



THE DOG AND THE CAT

"Look at the cute little Pekinese Harold gave me to remember him by."

"Wonderful! How in the world did he ever find one that looked so much like him?"

CART BEFORE THE HORSE
My fountain pen's a work of Art,
The finest thing that's on the mart.
It has a wonder point of gold,
Which lasts a life-time, so I'm told.
It's always at my beck and call;
It never clogs or leaks at all.
But here's what hits me with a wham:
The stuff I write's not worth a damn!

Dave Murray.

WHAT this country needs is a good wife-sent cigar.



THE POSTMAN READS—
 "‘A Merry Christmas to you’
 A joyful message rings.
 A little bird has brought it—
 Perhaps you heard his wings.”

Our Own Puzzle Department

DECAPITATIONS

- No. 1. BEHEAD the back of your neck and get your ancestor.
- No. 2. Behead a guide and get something that's good for the calves.
- No. 3. Behead a chicken and get an entirely different kind of bird.
- No. 4. Behead a rough instrument and get Cleopatra's finish.
- No. 5. Behead what a miner sweats through and get what he sweats for.
- No. 6. Behead a kind of party and get

the day that a Scotchman stays at home.

- No. 7. Behead what you throw down and get what creeps upon you.
- No. 8. Behead a footpad and get something else that goes in the dark.
- No. 9. Behead a cleaning implement and get the place where you use it.
- No. 10. Behead a tool for digging and get a poor place to live.
- No. 11. Behead the covering of your body and get a bunch of relations.
- No. 12. Behead an easy job and get a sleep.

(See page 71 for answers)

RESEARCH

"A most curious organism!" exclaimed the professor, gazing through a microscope at an amoeba.

"What a very odd specimen!" exclaimed the inhabitant of Mars, gazing through a telescope at the professor.

BOOB SPELLED BACKWARDS

Too frequently what we call common sense is merely lack of imagination. Too frequently what we call imagination is merely lack of common sense.

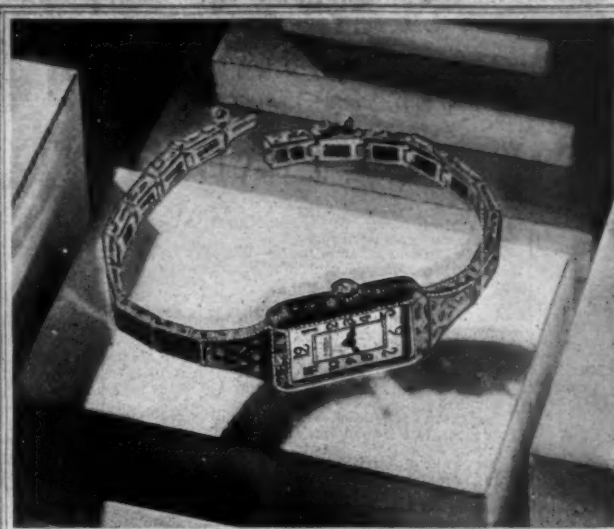


EXCITED GUEST: Heavens! Why doesn't somebody stop those men? They're killing each other!
 MEMBER: Don't get excited. That's just the osteopath and the chiropractor talking shop.



This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

Bold color contrast enters into design 304 with 4 large cabochon green onyx of unusual cut, now dominating, now playing a subordinate role when 14 diamonds flash their fires. \$325



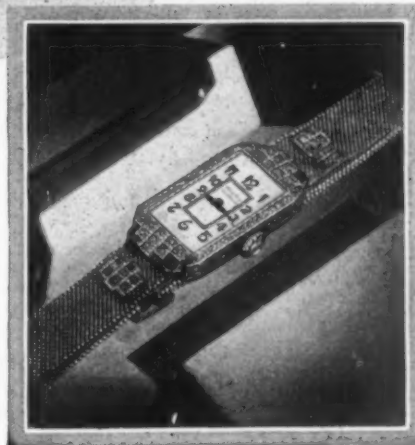
It is primarily in the treatment of watch and flexible bracelet as a single ornament, consistent in design, that the Mode du Bijou finds expression. Design 328. 18 diamonds. \$285

In design 329 the true modern touch lies in the parallel arrangement and new setting of the diamonds, so simple, hence so effective! The modest repetition of the motif in the smart mesh, making watch and bracelet one unit, is a brilliant inspiration. 32 diamonds. \$375



Thirty-two diamonds in all, completely encrusting the bezel, but it is the baguette diamond at each end of the dial in design 330 above that holds the key to character. \$475

Gruen
"MODE
du
BIJOU"



Diamond Set Watches

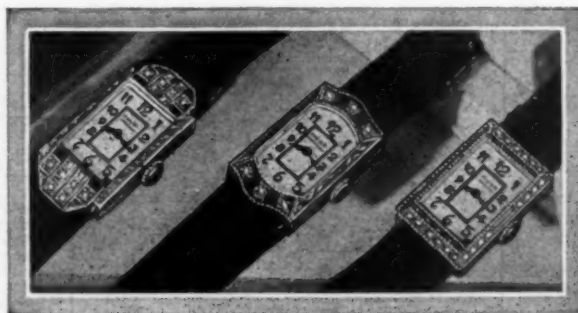
NOW AT YOUR GRUEN JEWELER'S

NEAR you—right in your own favorite shopping center—the very latest word from Paris and Fifth Avenue, the new Gruen Mode du Bijou Watches.

Already the very examples pictured here are on display at your Gruen jeweler's. Exquisite timepieces, well worth a special trip to see.

In the very centers of the world's vogue, in Paris, on Fifth Avenue, these watches were conceived.

The Gruen Guild Workshops in Europe and America have united so this jeweler near you may bring to you at home, with least possible delay, the most advanced indications of the modern trend in jewelry design.



Three more examples from the great variety your Gruen jeweler can show. Gruen diamond-set watches range in price from \$10,000 to \$60. These, left to right, are priced at \$215, \$150 and \$175, designs 191, 257 and 189 respectively

And the jeweler is one whose reputation you know. Together with the Gruen name, his integrity assures you that the watch cases and the diamonds with which they are set are of

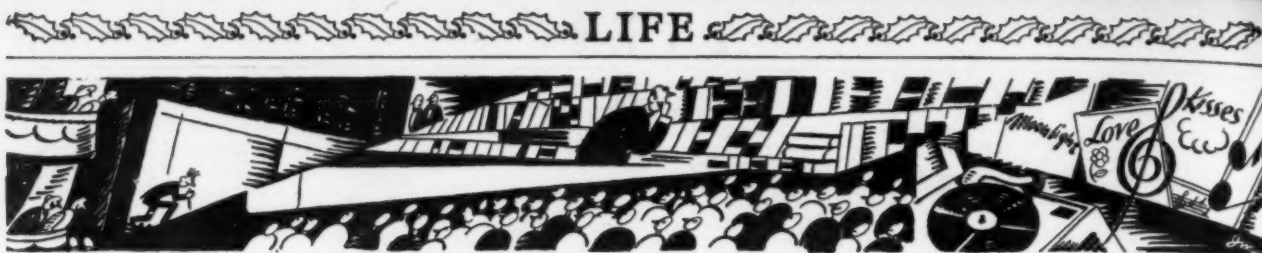
unquestioned value. That the cases are sturdily fashioned to give ample protection to the fine Gruen movement within.

Let him make you a gift of the valuable Gruen Mode du Bijou book. This book tells you many things that every prospective purchaser of a diamond watch ought to know.

Or you may write for this highly instructive book direct to

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Paris New York Los Angeles
Toronto Berlin Biel Geneva
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

The Theatre

More or Less Serious

The Age of Innocence, Empire—Katharine Cornell, Arnold Korff, Rollo Peters, Isabel Irving and others in an adaptation of the Edith Wharton novel. To be reviewed later.

Congal, Sam H. Harris—With Helen Menken, Felix Krembs and others. To be reviewed later.

Diamond Lil, Royale—One of the Mae West output, three for a quarter.

Exceeding Small, Comedy—Poignant tragedy of young married life.

The Grey Fox, Playhouse—Well-staged scenes from the more amiable sections of Machiavelli's life, with plenty of references for history-lovers. Henry Hull as the Old Boy himself, pestered by Chrystal Herne.

Jarnegan, Longacre—Richard Bennett as the movie director who tears through Hollywood shouting maledictions, a few of them effective.

Jealousy, Maxine Elliott—Two people (Pay Bainter and John Halliday) carrying some rather intense family trouble for a whole evening. Very well done.

Macbeth, Knickerbocker—One week more of Florence Reed and Lyn Harding in Shakespeare's thriller.

Major Barbara, Guild—The Theatre Guild making up for "Paust" by reviving Shaw with Winifred Lanihan, Dudley Digges and other Guilders. To be reviewed next week.

A Man with Red Hair, Garrick—A rather weak attempt to catch the horror of Walpole's novel. Edward Robinson's performance saves it.

The Royal Box, Belmont—A new version of Charles Coghlan's old play, with Walker Whiteside. To be reviewed next week.

The Sacred Flame, Henry Miller's—By Somerset Maugham, with Clare Eames, Stanley Logan and others. To be reviewed next week.

The Squealer, Forrest—Frankly ten-twenty-third melodrama of dope-peddling in old Frisco. "I'll get you for this!" is said five times and they hiss the villain.

Strange Interlude, John Golden—A great deal of extra time taken to explain parts of a play which needs no explaining, but an interesting *tour de force* nevertheless.

Sun-Up, Lucille La Verne—A revival of the most successful of the plays about the mountain whites.

Tin Pan Alley, Biltmore—Regulation drama of Tenderloin night-life, with Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster and John Wray.

The War Song, National—George Jessel making people laugh and cry as the Jewish boy who wasn't raised to be a soldier.

The Wild Duck, Forty-Ninth St.—Ibsen's splendid play revived by the people who did it so well before. To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

Courage, Ritz—The troubles of a mother with a large family of stage children. Janet Beecher as the mother.

Crashing Through, Republic—Rather tepid social satire.

The Front Page, Times Square—Madhouse comedy-melodrama, dealing with everything in a newspaperman's life except dullness.

Gentlemen of the Press, Forty-Eighth St.—Also a newspaper play but with considerably less action. Good stuff, nevertheless.

The High Road, Fulton—Lonsdale comedy of British manners, immeasurably helped by its cast, including Edna Best, Herbert Marshall and Frederick Kerr.

Holiday, Plymouth—A new play by Philip Barry, with Hope Williams, Ben Smith, Donald Ogden Stewart and others. To be reviewed later.

Hotbed, Klaw—Academic hard-feeling running through a moderately effective attack on our old enemy, Hypocrisy.

The Jealous Moon, Majestic—By and with Jane Cowl, assisted by Philip Merivale and Sir Guy Standing. To be reviewed later.

The Lady Lies, Little—With William Boyd, Shirley Ward and others. To be reviewed later.

Little Accident, Morosco—A great deal of amusement incident to a young man's being a father just before his marriage. Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander head a good cast.

Mima, Belasco—Lenore Ulric, with Sidney Blackmer and A. E. Anson, in a translation of Molnar's "The Red Mill" (not the old Montgomery and Stone musical). To be reviewed later.

Night Hostess, Martin Beck—More trouble in night-clubs, what with gambling, murdering, etc.

On Call, Waldorf—Not so hot.

Paris, Music Box—If it weren't for Irene Bordoni—but there! If it weren't for Irene Bordoni the show would never have been put on.

A Play Without a Name, Booth—With Peggy Wood, Kenneth MacKenna, Katherine Wilson and others. To be reviewed later.

Relations, Wallack's—Mr. Clark, who wrote this and plays the lead, seems to feel that it is necessary for some reason to keep it going.

Skidding, Bayes—Just so-so.

This Thing Called Love, Bijou—A comedy about marriage which has enough good stuff in it to give Violet Heming a chance.

Tomorrow, Lyceum—To be reviewed later.

Tonight at 12, Hudson—A mystery play less hectic than most, but a good workmanlike job of interest-holding.

The Yellow Jacket, Coburn—The Coburns and most of the people who made this such a hit originally. **Young Love, Masque**—Pleasant comedy of sex life, with an exclusive and expert cast consisting of Dorothy Gish, James Rennie, Catherine Willard and Tom Douglas.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana (New Edition), Liberty—With Julius Tannen and others. To be reviewed later. (Not the "Americana" which just closed.)

Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.—It seems there were four Marx Brothers who got a lot of people to laughing.

Billie, Erlanger's—Mr. Cohan's current hit, with Polly Walker heading the cast.

Black Birds of 1928, Eltinge—They don't come any better than this Negro revue.

Good Boy, Hammerstein's—All-around good entertainment, with Eliot Nugent, Charles Butterworth, Helen Kane and the rest.

Good News, Forty-Sixth St.—We shall have to see this again or the other college shows we have seen since will spoil it for us.

Hello Yourself! Casino—Would not be much without Waring's "Pennsylvanians," but with them has several high spots.

Hold Everything! Broadhurst—Good music and plenty of laughs. What more do you want? Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Victor Moore and Jack Whiting.

Midnight Frolie, New Amsterdam Roof—Eddie Cantor upstairs. To be reviewed later.

The New Moon, Imperial—A good show to take anybody to, consisting of tasteful numbers and pleasing dancing. Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy and Robert Halliday.

Rainbow, Gallo—Book by Laurence Stallings, music by Vincent Youmans, with Louise Brown, Charles Ruggles and Harland Dixon. To be reviewed later.

Rain or Shine, Cohan—This is where Joe Cook has been ever since February, and they are still laughing.

Scandals of 1928, Apollo—The customary good entertainment put on by Mr. George White, assisted by Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat, Ziegfeld—Shame on you for not having seen this. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Edna May Oliver and Norma Terris.

This Year of Grace, Selwyn—One grand revue. By and with Noel Coward, with Beatrice Lillie at her best.

Three Cheers, Globe—Mr. Will Rogers carrying a whole show very successfully.

The Three Musketeers, Lyric—Plenty of good singing and nice scenery and costumes. Dennis King and Lester Allen.

Treasure Girl, Alvin—Gertrude Lawrence, with Luella Gear, Marie Saxon, Roy Royston and others.

Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll—Dirty but funny. W. C. Fields, Joe Frisco and Ray Dooley.

White Lilacs, Jolson—Good dance music. Guy Robertson, Odette Myrtil and DeWolf Hopper.

Whoopie, New Amsterdam—The New Eddie Cantor show. To be reviewed later.

Repertory and Laboratory

Civic Repertory, Fourteenth St.—Eva Le Gallienne's second highly successful season, including "The Would-Be Gentleman," "L'Invitation au Voyage," "The Cherry Orchard" (with Nazimova), "Cradle Song" and "Peter Pan."

The Dark Mirror, Cherry Lane—Very gloomy and not well done.

Robert Benchley.

The Movies

Recent Developments

On Trial, Warner Bros.—One of the first, and still one of the best, of the courtroom plays made into an exceptionally absorbing talking picture.

Dry Martini, Paramount—There are some amusing moments in this Parisian farce, but they are of brief duration.

Show People, Metro-Goldwyn—Marion Davies and William Haines team up splendidly in a strenuous satire on the star system in Hollywood.

The Wedding March, Paramount—Parts of this von Stroheim drama are magnificent—but most of it is just plain stupid. The blame can be divided between the army of surgeons who cut it to pieces, and von Stroheim himself.

The Home Towners, Warner Bros.—Small-town narrow-mindedness and big-town big-heartedness contrasted in a well-written, well-acted talkie comedy.

His Private Life, Paramount—The Menjou rubber-stamp has worn so thin that its impressions are now barely perceptible. Why don't they cast this excellent actor in a Western, just for a change?

Varsity, Paramount—A Princeton sophomore is rescued from drink and wild women by an old janitor who turns out to be the boy's father. The talking scenes are dreadful.

While the City Sleeps, Metro-Goldwyn—Not Lon Chaney's best, but including a tremendous gun-fight which does much to relieve the general boredom.

Four Devils, Fox—A strange and rather dull mixture of stale subject matter and modernistic treatment, in which Janet Gaynor appears as a young acrobat who loses and regains her man.

Our Dancing Daughters, Metro-Goldwyn—Mothers' leagues are protesting against this hot one because it puts ideas into young people's heads. Anything that puts ideas into young people's heads deserves to be encouraged.

Me, Gangster, Fox—The occasional immoral incidents in this highly moral melodrama are much more interesting than the lesson which it attempts to teach.

The Battle of the Sexes, United Artists—Phyllis Haver as a sweet little gold-digger and Jean Hersholt as the sucker, and a better pair of performers you couldn't hope to see.

Mother Knows Best, Fox—The sad story of a vaudeville star who suffered from an overdose of mother love. It's very well done, aside from one terrible outburst on the Movietone.

Lilac Time, First National—I wish the League of Nations would call a conference for the limitation of celluloid epics of the Great War. Having accomplished that, they might well do something about abolishing "theme songs."

The Patriot, Paramount—Emil Jannings at the height of his mighty powers as the mad Czar Paul.

The Singing Fool, Warner Bros.—If you have any doubts as to the potentialities of the talkies, see Al Jolson in this. See him in this anyway.

(In accordance with an old custom, this department of LIFE extends the season's greetings to Miss Greta Garbo.)

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters of 1928

The Perfect Ship, by Weston Martyn. Washburn—For yachtsmen and sea-loving farmers, there is no better Christmas gift than this biography of a boat.

Tamerlane, by Harold Lamb. McBride—The story of Timur the Lame, the last of the great conquerors, is more thrilling than fiction.

Spy and Counter-Spy, by Richard Wilmer Rowan. Viking—A history of international espionage that is by no means dull. Contains all the elements of the better detective stories.

Bad Girl, by Viola Delmar. Harcourt, Brace—After rereading, this still seems the Best Book of the Year of Its Kind.

The Greene Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine. Scribner's—And for anyone who hasn't read it, this is the best of chill-chasers and knee-knockers.

The Virgin Queen, by Harford Power, Jr. Little, Brown—Still a Dry Martini among books. Where's an American advertising and platitude writer got native in his Shakespearean country house.

(Continued on page 64)



YOUR FIRST MOVIE OF THE FAMILY

Take it on Christmas Day—Show it on New Year's

ALL the precious incidents of the year's most eventful day captured forever on a thin strip of film!

A movie that tells the story of Christmas at your own home—an intimate, personal record of the way this happy anniversary is celebrated by you and yours.

The family on its annual pilgrimage bearing gifts to friends, the youngsters on their new sleds or skates, the arrival of relatives you have not seen for months, the scene around the Community Christmas tree—what an opportunity to make a reel of the most absorbing interest!

Press the lever—that's all

It's so easy with a Ciné-Kodak. Sight it and press the lever. That's all there is to it. It's as simple as making snapshots.

You mail the film to us and we do the rest, the cost of developing being included in the price of the film. It is promptly returned to you. Hence, the pictures you took on Christmas are ready to be shown on New Year's.

Thanks to the Kodascope, they are no more trouble to project than they were to take. In a moment or two after you unwrap the film, they are flashing on your own home screen, and you are amazed by the simplicity and success of it all.

Ciné-Kodak

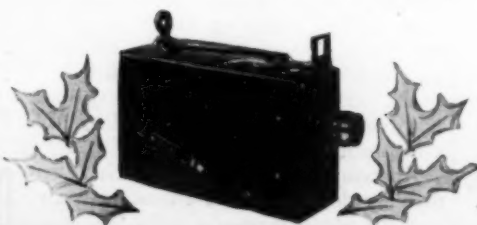
Simplest of Home Movie Cameras



The reason? Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple have made home movie making equally simple for you.

Wonderful in many ways

Ciné-Kodak home movies, however, are not merely a Christmas opportunity. They enable you to make priceless records of your children's growth. They provide you with marvelous entertainment. They bring back your travels for the folks at home. Moreover, you are not limited to the films you take yourself.



Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, are available at your dealer's. They cost \$7.50 per 100 feet and become a permanent part of your film library.

Movies in Color!

And now another Eastman development—Kodacolor—enables you to make home movies in full color. With the Ciné-Kodak f.1.9, a filter and Kodacolor Film, you make the most beautiful living portraits of your family and friends. You take amazingly vivid pictures of your pets, your garden and many another colorful subject. All the wealth of color before your eyes is caught by the lens and registered on this new type film. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Can't you see what a treat is in store for you? Imagine how much home movies would add to your family's Christmas, or some other family's. Let any Ciné-Kodak dealer demonstrate what is here described. Home movie outfits—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—may be had for as little as \$140. At least, return the coupon for a booklet that gives more of the details.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 161, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name

Address

1840 'EIGHTY-EIGHT-YEARS-OF-SERVICE-1928



The Aquitania . . . Not Only A Ship, But A Habit . . .

Cross once on the Aquitania, and you will find trans-Atlantic commutation on her becoming a habit. People who have crossed on her wait two weeks, three weeks, just to live the six days of the voyage in her lovely rooms . . . in the special atmosphere of extraordinary charm and extraordinary comfort that is hers. There is something about her . . . a sort of maritime "It."

Breakfast charmingly served in your room . . . a workout in the gym under professional instruction . . . a swim in the pool in sea water as green as Crème de Menthe, as translucent as diamonds . . . a pause in the Long Gallery before lunch . . . a pheasant and a soufflé . . . a walk on the boat deck . . . a game of contract.

Dinner; caviar—of course . . . And in the evening dancing . . . in a garden set in glass on "A" Deck . . . full of flowers; cool; gay than any night club . . . full of charming-looking people, as, always, Aquitania loyalists seem to be.

If you want to wring the last ounce of tranquillity and delight from the trip to England or France, book your next passage on the Aquitania.

CUNARD LINE



See Your Local Agent

CUNARD WINTER CRUISES . . . MEDITERRANEAN
WEST INDIES

A NEW CUNARD SERVICE . . . WEEKLY TO HAVANA

The Christmas-Card Poet Does His Shopping

OLD pal o' mine, I would that I could find words to wish the same old jolly wish of years untold. For as long as the merry Yuletide comes and goes, I shall ever wish it, old pal. Old friends are truest, and hearts are somehow warmer at Yuletide. What, then, if the words with which I greet thee be the age-old words of yore? They are spoken, remember, with that same sincerity of bygone days, and will, I trust, ring clear as the tingle-bells on the tiny reindeer of good Saint Nicholas.

Swiftly as a blue bird, then, flies to you my wish:

I wish to know what counter the Christmas cards are on.

Al Graham.

On Giving a Bird a Bath

THE FIRST things to be determined are (a) does birdie need a bath? and (b) does birdie want a bath?

Having decided that birdie does not, proceed immediately with plans for the ablation. Bear in mind that the bird must at all times know that you are its master. Therefore, do not attempt to get birdie into the bathtub by (1) persuasion, (2) innuendo, (3) promises of a reward of any kind or (4) wheedling.

Adopt, instead, a friendly, jolly, slam-on-the-back attitude. Show birdie that you are his (or her, depending on the bird) friend. Place birdie's tub in her (or his) cage with a firm, determined motion.

Then break the news in a jovial manner:

"Well, old boy (or girl), how about a nice, zippy little dip in the good old aqua pura this morning, eh? Step lively, old timer, and you'll soon be feeling like a million!"

Watch birdie's reaction closely, without letting it (her or him) realize she is under surveillance. If birdie edges away from the tub it may be that he is (1) afraid of water, (2) bashful or (3) just plain ornery.

In case of (1) the proper move is to place a ruler in the water so birdie can see it is not deep enough to drown her.

Often, however, it will be found that (2) is responsible for the bird's reluctance. This shy modesty must be overcome. But it is a task that requires patience, understanding and discretion. One careless word or expression often will make the world look ugly and black and break the heart of a little bird.

We will assume your canary is one that blushes when it is requested to take a bath publicly.

Knowing your bird very much better than we do, you should choose between:

(Continued on page 54)

London Pipe Smoker gives Americans Christmas tip

His tale of buying Edgeworth for own Christmas present a timely hint to gift buyers

The right way to buy a man something for Christmas is to ask yourself, "What would he buy for himself?"

Mr. Mason of London answers for pipe smokers throughout the world. Apparently no gift is more acceptable to an Edgeworth smoker than a gift package of this favorite tobacco. Let Mr. Mason himself tell you about it:

Larus & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va.
U. S. A.
30th December, 1927

Gentlemen:

As my Christmas present I purchased for myself a pound of your tobacco in 1/4 lb. flat tins. This morning on the tram I met a man with whom I am only slightly acquainted, and filling my pipe produced your tin, at which he exclaimed: "I am not a pipe smoker, but occasionally I have a try in that direction and I consider that the tobacco in your hand is the finest made."

I am in entire agreement with his statement.

Yours faithfully,

J. J. Mason

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes in three favorite gift sizes for Christmas—the pound glass humidor, the pound tin, and the attractively decorated half-pound tin. Each size is packed in a specially inviting gift carton, printed in gay colors. Prices—\$1.65 for the pound humidor, \$1.50 for the pound tin, and 75c for the half-pound tin.



Please ask your tobacco dealer to show you these Edgeworth Christmas packages.

Or if he cannot supply you, send us \$1.65 for each pound humidor, \$1.50 and 75c respectively for each pound

and half-pound tin of Ready-Rubbed to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, along with your personal greeting card.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends.

Personal: Perhaps you yourself are not acquainted with Edgeworth. If so send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We shall be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes from pocket tins to handsome humidors—to suit the needs of any smoker.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles. —Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

ATWATER KENT

RADIO

The Christmas Gift they won't forget

All that a big set could offer you,
now yours in a little one

The slimmest, tidiest, daintiest, friendliest little radio companion you could ever wish for—Model 52, the new all-together set for 1929. Yet it has the tone, power, range, all-round efficiency of a big set.

It presents the famous Atwater Kent compactness in a new all-electric form—your receiver and speaker combined in a shielding cabinet only 30 inches tall, 11 inches deep, 18 inches wide. Nowhere near as high as your waist!

No brow need be wrinkled over the placing of this convenient radio. Any little corner—any little niche—is just right. Let it place itself and efface itself. That's the companionable little thing it is. Lay your book or magazine on the golden top, and it's a reading table. Fine place for a bowl of flowers, too.



Unobtrusive Model 52 in the home of Ellis Parker Butler

[[MODEL 52 A. C. Combining electric receiver and speaker in satin-finished compact cabinet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses 6 A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, \$117.]]

All four sides have a rippling satin finish. There are two speaker grilles—front and back. Cords for antenna and ground connections are twenty feet long. So you can place your radio anywhere—out in the room, if you like—and hear the music clearly and in full volume from any position. As adaptable as a small chair!

The tone is even lovelier be-

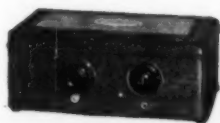
cause of the blending of all that is best in Atwater Kent Radio in this complete, modern instrument. Everything you could hope for in a big set at a big price is now offered in a little one at a little price... And have you tingled to the thrill of easy, instantaneous program-selection with the Atwater Kent FULL-VISION Dial?

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in! Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

A. Atwater Kent, President

4753 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

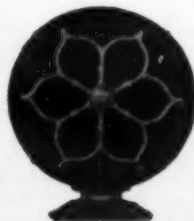


MODEL 40 A. C. A powerful, compact, all-electric receiver in a satin-finished shielding cabinet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses six A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube. Without tubes, \$77.

MODEL 41 D. C. Without tubes, \$87.



MODEL 42 A. C. Crowned lid, paneled corners, ball feet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses 6 A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, \$86.



Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

"RADIO'S TRUEST VOICE"

Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size. Each \$20.



MODEL 44 A. C. Extra-powerful, extra-sensitive, extra-selective. Local-distance switch. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses 7 A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, \$106.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD: Grandmama, what great teeth you have got!
"That is to advertise a toothpaste, my child."

—LE RIRE (PARIS).

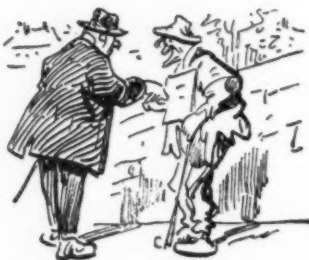
GIVE ME A SENTENCE—

THIS has never been printed before, and justly so. John Craig, the celebrated orientalist, was discussing eastern religions and happened to mention Vishnu. "Vishnu who?" inquired a listener who had been busy stirring something with a spoon. "Vishnu a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," replied Mr. Craig.

—Chicago Daily News.

"BOOK WEEK IS OBSERVED AT LIBRARY"
—Headline in the Pasadena (Cal.) Star-News.
SOUNDS far-fetched.—New Yorker.

MOTTO for tourists: See America fast.
—College Humor.



"One penny? Only one penny? What do you expect me to do with one penny?"

"My friend, you might give it to charity."

—L'ILLUSTRATION (PARIS).

BALLADE

(Using the reverse English on W. E. Henley's well-known hot-weather poem.)

Hot dogs and hot tamales,
A roaring open fire,
Warm shows, e. g., the "Follies,"
Hot pipes (both steam and briar);
Countries where men perspire
Despite the shade of trees,
And the sun's rays are dire—
To live, I think of these.

Firecrackers' ringing volleys,
A blazing, crackling pyre,
Beasts with long hair, as collies,
Proof against Boreas' ire,
All sorts of warm attire
Reaching from neck to knees,
John Barleycorn, Esquire—
To live, I think of these.

The heated seats on trolleys,
Vesuvius' smoking spire,
The sunburned, brown Bengalis
Within their tropic shire,
The colors of desire—
Flame, crimson and cerise—
Without them, I'd expire—
To live, I think of these.

I tune my frosted lyre
To scorching symphonies;
Flames that mount high and higher—
To live, I think of these.

—S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

THE LISPIES

ONE comfort in connection with the old-time melodrama in the flesh, as contrasted with the now popular talking screen, is that the villain didn't hiss as follows: "You thay you have the paperth? Where ith the child?"

—Detroit News.

ANSWERING Omar's query as to what the vintners buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell, our guess is that in Philadelphia it's protection.—Arkansas Gazette.



When Mrs. Marter talks about the ill treatment

She suffers from her brutal husband

You imagine something like this

But Marter isn't really such a bad sort.

—WEEKLY TELEGRAPH (SHEFFIELD).

MAYBE SO

A FLORIDA farmer was asked whom he was going to vote for for President in the late election.

"Well," replied the rustic, "I was a-going to vote for Hoover account of a man telling me that if Al Smith was elected the Pope would come over and run the country; but I've sorta figured out that if the Pope wanted the country he could have bought it from the Republicans during the past eight years. They sold about everything else. So I guess I'll vote for Al."

—Miami Life.

WHAT GREAT - GREAT - GREAT - GREAT -
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER
LAUGHED AT

MINION: What can I bring you, sir?

SALIM JUDGE: Get me that old witch Hazel.

—Yale Record.

"Darling, I simply cannot live without you," he said suddenly, taking her in his arms.—*Short Story.*

Her father was very rich, we presume.

—Humorist (London).

COLLEGE SENIOR: What would you advise me to read after graduating?

ENGLISH PROF.: The "Help Wanted" column.

—Lafayette Lyre.



For Ever and a Day

ALCHEMIST: This Elixir of Life is absolutely guaranteed to enable you to live for ever, but I have a better brand at sixty groats a bottle.

—LONDON CALLING.

KATHARSIS

A GROUP of American tourists were being taken through the National Gallery in London. In one alcove was a giant-sized picture of one of the saints suffering the agonies of martyrdom. A reverential hush fell over the group as they stood before the painting. Then one of them, with a loud checked suit and a derby hat cocked over one ear, remarked:

"Gee, don't that guy look miserable!"

—Detroit News.

A BOOK FOR MOTHER

BUD had been going to school about two years and had heard of books suitable for this age and that, so when his mother sent him on an errand to the library he said, "Mother, shall I ask for a book suitable for a woman thirty-four years old?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FAITH

AN agnostic told us the other day there is no such thing as real faith. Probably he's never seen a fountain pen salesman throw a "non-breakable" pen cap onto the floor and jump up and down on it.—*Arkansas City Traveler.*

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Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).

Teeth so white YET . .

4 out of 5 get Pyorrhea

SEEMINGLY safe with teeth so white, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, find themselves victims of Pyorrhea. This grim foe of health ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

So to be on the safe side, see your dentist every six months and use the dentifrice that does far more than keep teeth clean.

Every morning and every night, brush your teeth with Forhan's for the Gums.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives it quickly restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps gums to resist Pyorrhea by keeping them sound and healthy.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice morning and night. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in years to come. Also massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Those who know come and go

Santa Fe "all the way" to California

YOU always hear of some prominent person arriving or leaving on the Santa Fe. They know, appreciate and demand the best train, the best food, the best service when they travel. That is why they take the Santa Fe.

It's the short route—it's the pleasant route—through the sunny Southwest—to the outdoor playgrounds of the Pacific.

You have a whole tribe of Santa Fe trains to choose from—six transcontinentals daily! The Chief, two California Limiteds, the Navajo, the Missionary, and the Scout.

These trains offer different speeds—different types of service—different fares. You can choose just the one you want. Some stop at the famous Fred Harvey hotel dining stations for meals—the others carry Fred Harvey dining cars.

Finest and fastest of all is the Chief—extra fine—extra fast—extra fare!



-mail this coupon

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines.
915 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Am interested in winter trip to California.
Please send detailed information and descriptive folders

On Giving a Bird a Bath

(Continued from page 50)

A. Placing heavy chintz curtains around the cage so the bird has complete privacy;

B. Giving the bird a bathing suit that (i) is not too abbreviated and yet (ii) affords complete freedom of legs and wings, or

C. Putting one arm across birdie's shoulder, comfortably and reassuringly, and having a good heart-to-heart talk with her (or it) on how lovely Nature really is when you stop to think about it.

If the bird still balks on its bath, it will be solely because of Reason No. 3—general orneriness.

Stubbornness, unreasonable independence and the desire to be smart-alecky are traits too common in modern young canary birds. The sooner these traits are eliminated, or curbed, the better it will be for the bird and the home in which it lives.

No family that is dominated by a bullying bird can be captain of its soul.

If your bird is in this category, its will must be broken NOW!

Waste no time. Mince no words. Give the bird just one chance:

"Are you gonna hop into that tub, or shall I throw you in?"

If birdie doesn't hop, take off your coat, roll up your sleeves and start hostilities. Dive into the cage after the bird, hurl your arms around its waist and overpower it. If the bird fights back, grab anything in sight—a chair, table or sledgehammer—and defend yourself. But SEE TO IT THAT THE BIRD TAKES ITS BATH!

You will have but one battle. After that the bird will cheerfully dive into its tub whenever you thrust it into the cage.

Chet Johnson.

DISCORDS IN THE NEWS

THE NEWSPAPERS tell us—

That Louis Lumière, Paris, inventor of the cinematograph, cordially dislikes movies.

That Fritz, police dog of Mrs. Fricke, Chicago, allowed robbers to cart off \$1,000 worth of valuables without molestation, but bit the policeman who came to investigate the crime.

That of the forty-three leading American photographers now exhibiting their work in a London salon, seventeen are Japanese.

That the "typical Irish colleen" pictured on the new banknotes of the Irish Free State is an American, Mrs. John Lavery.

W. E. F.

THE CHRISTMAS Savings Club must be a wonderful comfort to fellows who are blackballed by the National Geographic Society.

RIGHT!



Pocket Ben



THERE, in one word you have the real reason why Pocket Ben is in high favor with millions of men. Right—on time! A thoroughly dependable, precision-built timepiece. Neatly designed. Handsomely finished. Attractive and trustworthy.

For that boy of yours—Pocket Ben is just the gift for Christmas. Boys like what men like.

Built by the makers of
Big Ben and other Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK
COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois



**New
Auto Clock**
Good looking—
convenient—reliable.
Quickly attached
to dash or above
windshield of any car.

"Lucky is a marvelous pal—

the toasted flavor overcomes a craving
for foods which add weight."

George M. Cohan
George M. Cohan,
America's Stage
Favorite



George M. Cohan,
America's Stage
Favorite

NO longer need a trim, slender figure be your envy. No longer need you face the rigid requirements of harsh dieting methods. Overweight is banished when you banish fattening sweets and light a Lucky instead. "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

20,679 physicians have confirmed the fact that Lucky Strike is less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. These professional men realize the value of toasting, the secret process that eliminates impurities and irritants. Lucky Strike is a delightful blend of the world's finest tobaccos. And toasting brings out each exquisite aroma to make a delicious flavor, which is a charming alternative for fattening sweets.

Many prominent athletes smoke Luckies all day long with no harmful effects to wind or physical condition. Men have long known this and practiced it successfully. These are the men who watch their health, who keep trim and fit, realizing the dangers of overweight. And now, women may enjoy a companionable smoke with their husbands and brothers—at the same time slenderizing in a sensible manner. And now, folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Why let fattening sweets tempt you? Why add weight that endangers health? Light a Lucky the next time you crave a sweet.

Reach for a Lucky
instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Mrs. GEORGE DREXEL BIDDLE



*Prominent younger hostess of
New York and Philadelphia,
says*

"A hostess cannot be too exacting in the choice of cigarettes to be served to her guests—whether for the informal tea or bridge party or the formal function. I determined after many tests that the most pleasing cigarettes are Melachrino. The refinement and mildness of their Turkish tobaccos are unsurpassed."

MELACHRINO CIGARETTES ARE A BLEND
OF THE CHOICEST TYPES OF TURKISH
TOBACCO—THE MOST PRIZED OF ALL
CIGARETTE TOBACCOS

A WELCOME CHRISTMAS suggestion:—avail yourself of the special Melachrino introductory offer for Christmas gifts. This offer consists of 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—20 straw tips, 20 plain ends and 20 cork tips—also a score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge and two beautiful packs of cards on which we will imprint your own or any friend's monogram. This offer would ordinarily cost \$4.75, but use the coupon and pay only \$2.50.

If you want more than one of this offer for gifts, simply attach a paper to the coupon and print the different initials you wish monogrammed. The cards given with the offer are the famous Congress cards. *They have no advertising of any kind on them.* In making out the coupon print the initials clearly which you want for the monograms. Send the coupon now.

Note:—Under a special arrangement, monograms will be imprinted quicker than usual. This will enable us to mail your own set or gifts of Melachrino cigarettes, pad and cards in plenty of time. THE UNION TOBACCO COMPANY.

MELACHRINO

Mild and Cool
CIGARETTES

The One Cigarette Smoked the World Over

The Union Tobacco Company,
511 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen:

Please send _____ sets of 60 Melachrino cigarettes, the score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge and the two packs of the famous Congress cards bearing the monogram designated, for which I enclose \$_____. \$2.50 per set. M-12-7-25

Initials _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

RHYMED REVIEWS

Leonardo the Florentine

By Rachel Annand Taylor. Harper & Bros.

THE RENAISSANCE, Italian brand,
Was brilliant, gay and simply gorgeous;
What miracles of brain and hand
It deigned to sculpture, paint and forge
us!

And what a debt of laurels green
Does every connoisseur and bard owe
To that two-fisted Florentine,
The Universal Leonardo!

Inventor, artist, engineer,
A colorist whose flavor lingers,
With silver lute he charmed the ear,
And bended horseshoes with his fingers.

His brazen cannon, carved and quaint,
He ranged before the walls of Pisa,
Then hurried home again to paint
The well-known smirk of Mona Lisa.

A genius whom you couldn't trust
To work with ardor undiminished,
He framed and left to gather dust
A raft of things he never finished.

His tale, with that of golden days
Of varied pattern richly stencilled,
Is told with wealths of purple phrase,
Two-thirds of which should be blue-
pencilled.

A mighty man upon the whole
I think him, mauger disquisitions
On Leonardo's two-ply soul,
Perversions, quirks and inhibitions.

But while his work is rightly prized,
He seems to this Philistine railler
To have the critics hypnotized,
Including Rachel Annand Taylor.

Arthur Guiterman.

THROUGH THE AGES

Christmas Joke—1900

SMITH: Well, what did you give your wife for Christmas?

JONES: I gave her a carton of my favorite brand of cigarettes.

...

Christmas Joke—1928

MRS. SMITH: Well, what did you give your husband for Christmas?

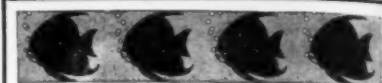
MRS. JONES: I gave him a carton of my favorite brand of cigarettes.

REACTION

"I don't seem to make any sense out of this poem."

"You're not supposed to. It's meant merely to give you a feeling of emotion. Doesn't it do that?"

"Yes. It makes me sick!"



A Cunard Introduction to the Tropics... The Franconia West Indies Cruise...

A giant Cunarder takes the Caribbean as a sort of cocktail... Before she sails on her magnificent World Cruise, the Franconia intends to see the Old Year die in moon-kissed carnival in Havana... She will visit Port-au-Prince... Kingston... Colon... Nassau... Every day on board will be a sun-drenched interlude between one fascinating port and the next... Her sports space is the best afloat... her state-rooms a miracle of comfort... and her Cruise service the pride of the Cunard fleet.

Two 16 day cruises...

\$200 up

Visiting Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana, Nassau.

S. S. FRANCONIA—

From New York... Dec. 20, 1928

S. S. SCYTHIA—

From New York... Jan. 7, 1929

Two 31 day cruises...

\$300 up

Visiting Nassau, Havana, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Cristobal, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, San Juan, Bermuda.

S. S. CALIFORNIA—

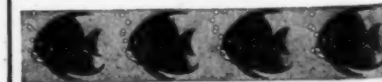
From New York...

Jan. 19 and Feb. 23, 1929

Every Saturday to Havana by the Transatlantic Liner Caronia... Every luxury of a great Cunarder... From N. Y. ... Jan. 5 to March 16, 1929.

For further information apply to
your local agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES



RECOMMENDED GIFTS

.....
including a number of the European selections

OF THE

Browning King

LONDON
OFFICE



HAVING served smart men for 107 years, we offer with confidence the gifts shown above. These include: imported British braces; hand-braided cowhide belts; pajamas of imported fabric woven for army officers in India; richly brocaded Matallese robes; gloves of every kind, lined and unlined; lisle hose from J. Savoure,

Paris; Florentine leather novelties selected in Vienna (desk sets, wallets, cigarette boxes and cases). These and countless others comprise a choice of gifts which any purse may afford, and any man will welcome. There are Browning-King & Co. stores at One East 45th St. (at Fifth Ave.) New York; Monroe and Wabash, Chicago; and in 26 other principal cities.

"Just what we wanted! How did you guess?"
 "Partly self-defense. Every time I come over here
 you set me squeezing oranges."



*a sensible gift
 - but good
 in spite of that*

WE KNOW this is the season for silly, sensible gift suggestions—from cement mixers to five-ton trucks—but here's a sensible gift idea with some sense in it.

Think of some one on whom you would like to blow almost \$15 and give him or her a Sunkist Jr. Electric Orange Juice Extractor. It may be as close a friend as your husband or wife.

And every time he (or maybe she) squeezes an orange—for years to come—he (or perhaps she) will gush with gratitude towards you—and many a drink (of orange juice) will be quaffed in your memory. Good old you!

Sunkist Jr. is a handsome, sturdy, electric home squeezer, put out at the low price of \$14.95 delivered—selfishly—by Sunkist growers to speed up the use and abuse of oranges. It is 10 in. high, weighs 6 lbs. Will last a lifetime (and doctors say you'll live longer if you keep down Acidosis by drinking lots of orange juice.)

The coupon below will get it there in time for the big Christmas-New Year holiday drinking (of orange juice.)



**Sunkist
 Junior** Electric
 JUICE
 Extractor

{FOR QUICK RETURN be sure to mail to
 distribution office nearest your home}

- ☐ California Fruit Growers Exchange, Div. 2412,
- ☐ New York City, 204 Franklin St.
- ☐ Chicago, Ill., 900 N. Franklin St.
- ☐ Los Angeles, Cal., Box 530, Station "C"

My dealer cannot supply me. Money order for \$14.95 enclosed for one Sunkist Junior Home Electric Juice Extractor, mail prepaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Christmas Is Only December 25th Along the Main Stem

(Continued from page 31)

contingent to appear at them for nothing but the "cause" or "the spirit of the thing."

Take it from one sympathizer who knows, Willard, they ought to run at least one benefit for the hams themselves. And did you know how this benefit racket is promoted? I didn't think you would. Well, a series of wisenheimers get together and plot to give somebody a break. You know, one of those breaks in which the promoters of the benefits reap sixty per cent of the profits. The other forty is divided up for "expenses," which includes the wages for the stage and orchestra crews (they never work for nothing; the union won't permit it, titter, titter), and to give you a rough idea what I am driving at, a Christmas benefit in Brooklyn last year took in \$7,200 for one performance, and after the "expenses" and other things were taken care of, the "cause" got \$450!

Nice, no?

But maybe I'm getting too mentilsent. However, I'm not. I'm burning up! It gives me a pain in the bloomers when I think of it and right now I'm thinking of it! Yes, indeed, my nice friend out there west of the Mississippi, it's plenty rotten.

The best gag I ever used on the subject might interest you again. A team of small-time hoofers who hadn't worked in months met at 46th Street and started complaining, again. "What a cold bunch of booking agents that mob is up in the Palace building," began the first. "My wife is sick, the baby ain't et good milk in a week and I can't bum a quarter from none of them."

"You're talkin'!" growled the other. "Me too. This is a great street, perhaps."

Then one of them looked at the electric sign across the way. It was a sign a block long featuring "The Four Sons," and the sub-title ran: "As Big as the Heart of Humanity."

"Hmmm," hmmd the first, "it says that picture is as big as the heart of humanity!"

"It must be a one-reeler!" snapped the other.

Then there's the gag about the team of lay-offs who finally got a break. They were booked to play a series of one-night stands out West. They borrowed enough sugar to make the first jump and leaped to Fargo or some place like that. It was Christmas and everything. Nice ol' Christmas.

After they had played two one-nighters they got the following wire from the agent in New York:

"Very sorry, but balance of bookings canceled due to premature closings during holidays. Wire and confirm."

(Continued on page 72)

**Its Bubbling
 Effervescence
 Lasts Longer**

Apollinaris

**It is bottled only with
 its Own Natural Gas**

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
 in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
 Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

Fight Fat
 in this right way



A great cause of excess fat lies in an under active gland. Medical science discovered that fact some years ago. Experiments on thousands of animals proved that fat departed when this cause was corrected. Then physicians the world over began to use the method in treating human obesity. Since then, excess fat has been fast disappearing. Slender figures are the rule. You see that everywhere.

About 21 years ago this method was embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for two decades—millions of boxes of them. Users told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus the use has grown to enormous proportions. That is one great reason for the slender figures, the youth and beauty that you see today.

No starvation is required, no hard work. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Every box contains the formula, also the reasons for results. You know what you are taking and why.

If you need help in fighting fat, this is the help to employ. Use what has done so much for so many, for so long. Deal with the cause. Don't wait longer. A normal figure will mean much to you. Go start Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are
 sold by all druggists at \$1 per box.
 If your druggist is out, he will get
 them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
 Prescription Tablets
 The Pleasant Way to Reduce

ECHOES of FRAGRANCE



Offered in

Le Jade

"The Precious Perfume"

Fleurs d'Amour
FLOWERS OF LOVE

Pavots d'Argent
SILVER POPPIES

In single articles
or in Combination
Gift Boxes — new
importations from
France, exquisite in
color and design —
Appropriate Gifts
for the Holidays.

ROGER & GALLET

PARIS

NEW YORK



... Ayer Itan ... latex ...

Penang ... stretches of yellow sand and rocky boulders ... coves rimmed with cocoanut palms ... and inland the terraced temple of Ayer Itan with pools of tortoise and goldfish ... the Snake Temple ... from the heights glimpse foaming cascades ... flaming hibiscus bushes ... great meadows and rubber plantations ... and yonder, clad in crimson turban and loin cloth, a Tamil coolie pouring latex into pails ... Just one of the places on the cruise

Around the World

on the Cunard Super Cruising
Steamer

Franconia

from New York January 15th, next

Never was there a voyage like this ... the most complete world panorama ... including all the well-known places ... as well as lands not visited by any other cruise ... a super-ship with the cruising viewpoint built into her ... two of the outstanding leaders in travel linking their 175 years of prestige, experience and efficiency for this cruise.

Literature and full particulars on application
to your local agent or

CUNARD LINE
OF
THOS. COOK & SON

Christmas in Washington

by
**Henry
Suydam**

THE HAPPY Christmas season comes to Washington this time not so happily, for numbers of gentlemen and their wives who have flown high, wide and handsome are sitting under their last official Christmas tree. The President and Mrs. Coolidge, according to all accounts, are glad that March 4 is approaching, with its sweet solace of retirement, but the rest of the Administration, not to mention various defeated and disappointed members of Congress, are sad because the end is in sight. The *zwaarte Knecht* who always follows St. Nicholas in the Low Countries has brought bad presents to large numbers of statesmen, who open their boxes to find lemons, mittens and other insignia of the razz.

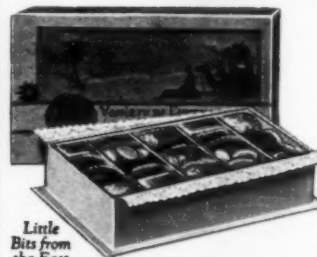
THE CABINET, with one or two possible exceptions, is on its way out. Government limousines, gilt seals, the deference of Negro messengers, the ranking place at dinner, free postage and honorary degrees—all the perquisites that go with \$12,000 a year will be snatched from Mr. Kellogg, the two Davis fellows, John Garibaldi Sargent and, I expect, Curtis D. Wilbur. Mr. Mellon of Pittsburgh is very special and will be handled, if he is touched, with gloves, for he has a sensitive epidermis and a right powerful below. As one of Mr. Hoover's few surviving colleagues of the original superior minds selected at Marion, Ohio, in 1921, the sainted Andrew has the sanction of tradition, the adoration of Wall Street and the prestige of private wealth almost equal to the repudiated Confederate debt.

THERE is some consolation, however, for those who are departing; for a Cabinet post confers an enduring if diminishing distinction, and the home-town newspapers for the next decade will print interviews with Mr. New on what he thinks of the engagement of the Prince of Wales, and with one or the other Mr. Davis on his opinion of the sale of the Russian crown jewels, and with Mr. Jardine on the new Egyptian Government. And Mr. Kellogg, five years from now, will be pointing out in the *St. Paul Pioneer-Press* that it is not intervention in Honduras, but just an act of good-will to help out in an election.

AT Christmas, 1929, there will be a row of new, shining faces around Washington's Christmas tree, and some of the new ones will gleam in the United States Senate. The well-tailored and sociable Peter Goelet Gerry of Rhode Island will be missing. The angular and primitive Edwards of New Jersey will have returned to the North German Lloyd bank of the Hudson. The Eighteenth Century gentle-



Welcome Gifts



Little
Bits from
the East
Chocolates

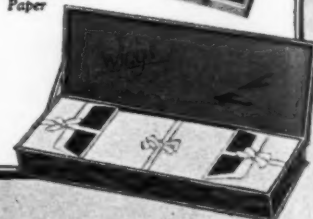


Signet Gold Pen
and Pencil Set

Vanity Set:
Powder Puff,
Rouge, Lipstick,
Perfume



Wings
Correspondence
Paper



FOR him—for her—for Aunt Kate and the children—that gift for everyone on your list is at your Rexall Drug Store. Hundreds more than those above. Chosen sensibly. Displayed conveniently. Priced surprisingly low. Shop at your Rexall Store and save time and tramping.

SAVE with SAFETY at your

Rexall
Drug Store



You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores



Men Are Thinking of This Christmas Gift

IT'S safe to say that many men are set on buying a Krementz Wrist Watch Band if someone does not give them one this Christmas.

For Krementz Wrist Watch Bands are *new*, practical and durable. They eliminate the clumsy prong and buckle of the usual strap. Instead, three wafer-flat links fold into a thin casing. Expanded, links, band and watch form a loop that slips right over hand. Also upon arm while washing hands. Handier—safer—swifter.

Made in Krementz Quality Rolled Gold Plate link casings with leather straps, \$7.50; with flexible Milanaise mesh bands, \$12.50 to \$15; also in 14 kt. and 18 kt. solid gold and platinum. At your dealer's—or write us for name of nearest one.

KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.



When completely expanded there is ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.

Krementz
WRIST WATCH
▼ BAND ▼

man from Maryland, Mr. Bruce, with his rococo quotations from John Randolph of Roanoke, will rusticate in Baltimore. The inflated form of Charles Curtis will recline in the throne-chair, once the seat of Charles Gates Dawes, who might have been President-elect if he had kept his mouth shut.

There is no cause for Christmas joy here. But it is an uproarious Yuletide for Dr. Royal S. Copeland of New York, member of thirty-five benevolent, patriotic and fraternal societies, who, if he wore all his pins at once, would exhibit more decorations than King Zogu. Dr. Copeland was re-elected Senator in a delicious victory, for he defeated an Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and carried New York while Alfred E. Smith lost it. When he is not prescribing for mumps or poison ivy in his newspaper answers to those in mortal error, Dr. Copeland fancies himself the next Democratic nominee for President, which shows how Mr. Hoover can carry forty-eight states in 1932.

* * *

It will not be a white Christmas in Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas. And all good Republicans on Christmas Eve will gather round the tree in Lafayette Square as Mr. Coolidge leads in the first and third stanzas of "Hark! The Herald Tribune Sings."

The Most Important Thing in Business

WORKER in timber or iron,
Barber attending your strop,
Hark to the call of the siren,
Hark to the bell in the shop.
Smoother the flames that are burning,
Silence the pound of the punch,
Quiet the wheels that are turning—
Lunch!

Hark to it, maid at your keyboard,
Hark to it, salesman and clerk,
Mountain and valley and seaboard—
Pause in the midst of your work.
Stifle industrial clamor,
Deaden machinery's crunch,
Down with the shovel and hammer—
Lunch!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

THE MAN WHO SAW STARS

A TEACHER was desirous of stimulating the imagination of a class of boys who read football reports with greater zest than they studied anthologies. The quotation of a certain couplet, however, aroused a look of keen appreciation in one of the class whom she considered to be hopeless.

"Tom," said she, "what does

"Two men looked through the prison bars.
The one saw mud...the other, stars"

suggest to you?"

"That it must have been a gorgeous scrap!" said the unimaginative one.

—London Morning Post.



to the
WISE
smoker



HERE'S a little gem of wisdom for the man who wants the best that smoking can give him—a *healthy, protected mouth means a cool, joyous smoke*. There's a lot in that thought. There won't be much opportunity for the first smoke to bite or growl, or for the last one to be sour or bitter—every puff will hit the spot, if you will just give your mouth the care that it deserves. If you make Squibb's Dental Cream an intimate rite in your smoking routine.

For Squibb's not only puts your mouth in a healthy condition but, by depositing tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia in the mouth crevices, it keeps it so. At night it relieves any possible irritation or distaste. 40c at any druggist's.

Copyright 1928 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



DANGER LINE

A NEW LIGHTER for Home, Club and Office



*The Gift You'll
Want to Keep*

YOU'LL send it off reluctantly... this smart, capable lighter... for Vester is a thoroughbred in style and dependability. Flame sheltered—working parts concealed—it holds thousands of lights within its 3-inch barrel. To avoid the pangs of gift-reluctance, buy your own Vester TableLighter while doing your Christmas shopping. If your dealer hasn't it, use the coupon.

Gold and Nickel-plated combinations \$7.50.
Others in Silver and Gold Plate—Leathers—Enamels at \$10.



Patents
Pending

ALFRED VESTER SONS, Inc.
51 Mason Street, Providence, R. I.

Send me the Vester TableLighter as advertised. I enclose \$7.50 in payment. If I decide to return lighter in good condition, you are to refund my money.

Name

Address

Dealer's name

And Now About Peace on Earth!

(Continued from page 30)

not talent enough to contrive life any longer on this one. That is what people who in these remarkably hurried days find time to think—think about war. That was what was in Premier Baldwin's mind when he said, discussing the Pact of Paris at the Lord Mayor's banquet: "We must either keep faith with the spirit of the pact we have signed, or in time we must go down the steep place altogether like the Gadarene swine and perish eternally."

Oh, well, none of us now living created this world, and started the human race. It was all done before our time and our only responsibility is that of joiners. We joined it, not entirely from choice, but because it happened so. If it breaks down it may be our funeral, but it won't be entirely our fault, so why worry?

Most people must think about it more or less like that, but after all these are very progressive times. We have not got the motor cars tamed yet and they make too much for homicide and crime, but we have pretty well overcome distance and can beat epidemics and seem to have good practical ideas about the public health. It is true that most of the incidents of life seem to be under control of the management or on the way to it, so it does not seem likely that war is the one disease without a remedy.

WHAT is modern war, anyhow? It is about three-fourths machine-made. Without its machinery, from the telephone to the submarine, war could not be modern. Since men made machines and machines made modern war, have we not a right to expect that men will make something strong enough to hold it?

Of course they will, but when and what? Will they make a machine that is stronger than war? The militarists want to do that. Their idea is to make military machines for their respective countries so strong and so thoroughly up to the date that nobody will dare to attack them. That is an expensive remedy, but they think it is worth the money. But we say as to that—There is some sense in your idea but not enough. We know about it for we have seen it tried. It was pretty thoroughly tried out before the Big War, and we all know how it worked in that case. It does not greatly appeal to investors, this idea of a world armed to the teeth for fear somebody will start something. It really does not look good enough, because somebody *will* start something in due time and then what is going to happen?

THE great alternative to this militarist idea was the League of Nations, which



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Frappe and serve.

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invited co-operation of everybody to keep the peace. It got a large though not unanimous support and undoubtedly has a value and prospects of further development that will increase its efficiency. Even critics who deride it might admit that it is a step towards peace. The immediate errand of the international doctors would seem to be to develop and strengthen it as much as possible.

But after all, the League of Nations is a machine and though modern war is three-fourths machinery and it is reasonable enough to try to make a machine to beat it, there are doubts whether that is really the way to do the job. It is nothing new to plan to fight the devil with fire. That has been going on a long time, but the Adversary is still pretty active. The plan for world peace that was inaugurated by the Herald Angels who gave us the great Christmas slogan did not seem to rest on the efficiency of machinery. It looked to the saving of the world by spiritual means. It was based on the belief that the greatest power in human life and indeed in the universe was the power of spirit, that spirit controlled matter and not the contrary. The idea was then that there would be peace on earth when men no longer wanted to fight, and the teaching that followed the slogan supported that idea by disparaging the things that men had always fought for in comparison with other things which they might have for the asking if they knew how to ask.

The Pact of Paris, called the Kellogg Pact, looks more to the controlling spirit and less to machines. That is its strong point and best warrant to be the world's new hope.

So that is about the way things stand at present. We and our neighbors, especially our neighbors, are devising the best obstacles to war we can think of, in the hope that they will at least defer until we can think of something better any such vast calamity as we have lately observed and gone through. We all know, however, that the only real assurance of peace will come from such advancing knowledge and such improvement in the minds of men that war will become impossible to them, that conquest will look futile and foolish, that hogging will look like hogging and not like laudable acquisition, and some other forms of aspiration will surpass the eternal craving after more material things and more of what we are accustomed to call pleasures. The more we can get our minds off the things that money can buy or force obtain, and fix them on Good Will to Men and the higher happiness that belongs to it, the more we shall do for peace. The best property a man has is his thoughts. As they improve, so he improves. It is the same with the world. It grows to be a better world, not merely from getting richer, but precisely as it thinks better thoughts. The way to help it is to help its thinking.



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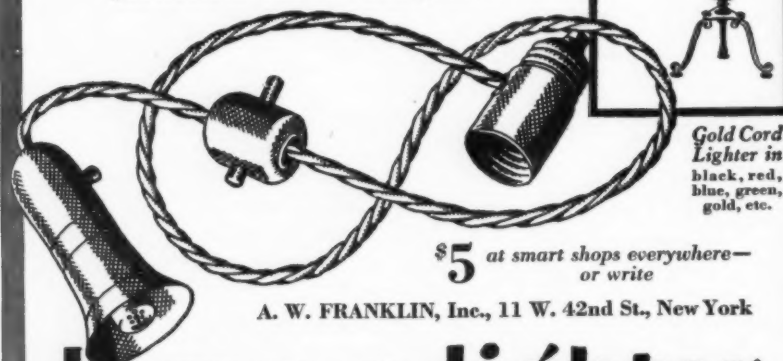
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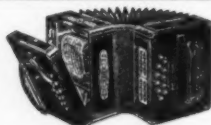
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Doing Good in the Modern Manner

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

The National, State, and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 48)

Show Girl, by J. P. McEvoy. *Simon & Schuster*—The big song-and-dance epic of 1928. A gaudy burlesque of Broadway. Swell.

Jerome, or, *The Latitude of Love*, by Maurice Bedel. *Viking*—Once before, we said this was literary lingerie: light, intimate, and full of what led Adam to eat the apple. Ought to make somebody happy Christmas Eve.

Swan Song, by John Galsworthy. *Scribner's*—Those to whom you gave "The Silver Spoon" last Christmas will be delighted to get this.

Giant Killer, by Elmer Davis. *John Day*—The story of David, who was always clever enough to get someone else to kill his giants for him, is not a good book for your Fundamentalists Aunt.

Perry Githens.

Song and Dance

Sheet Music

My Suppressed Desire. *Feist*—The Freudian influence on a couple of Chicago songwriters inspired this frank refrain.

I'll Get By (As Long as I Have You). *Berlin*—Rhythmic fox-trot optimism, destined for popularity via the dance floors.

That's How I Feel About You, Sweetheart. *De Sylva-Brown-Henderson*—The current cycle of Tin Pan Alley optimism produces another fox-trot glorification about one more "sweetheart"; also popularly appealing.

Farewell. *Harms*—Just for a change of pace, here's a sentimental ballad. There's always something touching about songs of parting, at least as far as touching the b. r. (bank-roll) is concerned; they give up sweetly for songs of sweet sorrow at the music counters.

A Lonesome Boy's Rosary. *Feist*—Good old heart stuff—a "mother" song. Can't top mammy as a royalty getter, provided the song has some merit. This one has: a strong lyric, an appealing melody and one of those L. Wolfe Gilbert "pome" specialties which the women "singles" in the varieties dote on as an excuse for dramatic histrionics in between.

Records

My Treasure and Wedding of the Winds, *Brunswick 15721*—Two very popular concert waltzes are delightfully performed by the Municipal Band, making for an especially appealing couplet.

Silent Night, Holy Night and Christmas Melodies, *Columbia 50098*—For seasonal consumption, Paul Whiteman's interpretations of these sacred melodies—the "B" side comprises "Noël" and "Adagio Fideles"—lend new charm to the hymns. The instrumental recordings are on a 12-inch disk.

Moment Musical and Marche Militaire, *Edison 52340*—Barth's piano duet interpretations of these Schubert compositions are skillfully arranged and expertly performed. Margery Todd is teamed with Barth for the "Moment Musical" duet; Bonnie Howell and Barth are the four hands in the other.

Angela Mia and I Can't Give You Anything but Love, *Columbia 1590*—In the nocturnal playgrounds where Harold Leonard has held forth, his showmanship or artistry time and again has hushed raucous and bibulous convivialists and less ostentatious covert charges alike, chiefly because of his feeling string interpretation of the ditties of the moment. His coupling of the "Street Angel" theme song and the "Black Birds" hit ideally demonstrates the fiddler's distinctive virtuosity.

Paradise and Grieving, *Brunswick 4061*—Vocal fans will fancy Eddy Thomas' and Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert's respective renditions. "Paradise" is the fetching waltz theme of the "Wedding March" flicker. Lambert, sans his partner (they're called the Smith Brothers of the Radio), is equally "serious" with an appealing ballad.

Abel Green.

INVENTORY

"WHAT is it that comes out of the mouths of babes?" asked the teacher.

"I know, teacher," cried a bright little boy named Eddie Cantor, for he was gagging even then. "Out of the mouths of babes comes hair-pins, button hooks, poppa's watch chain and Elk's tooth, shoe horns, nail files, safety pins (open), momma's engagement ring and soap."

Mr. Cantor later grew up to be a father himself.



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YOU want to give something enduring this Christmas—something that will be treasured through the years. What gift could be finer than the means of bringing back the days that have fled—the bitter with the sweet, perhaps—but each tender with memories! A Standard Diary is such a perfect gift.

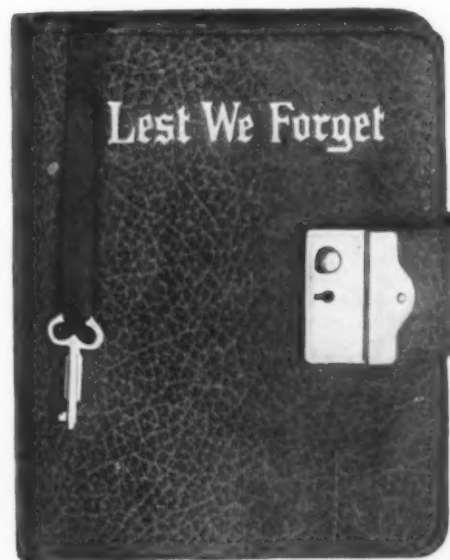
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Many have lock and key. The prices vary from 50c to \$6.

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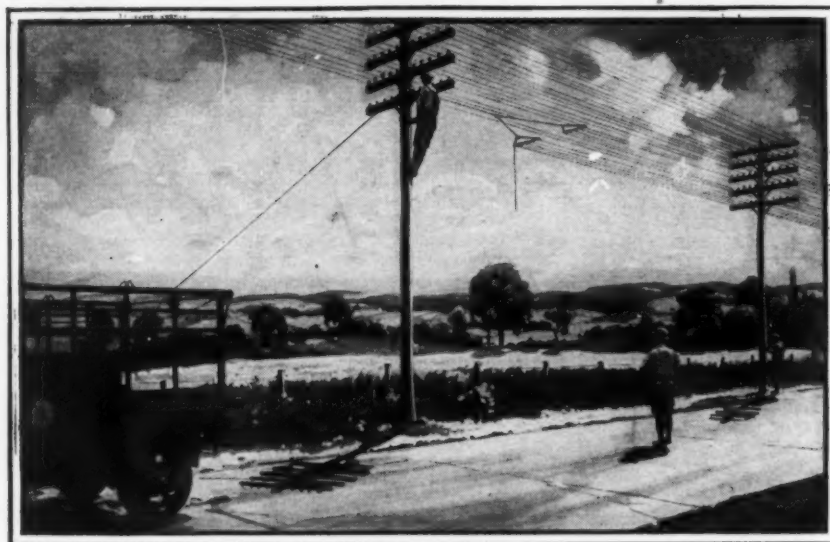
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STANDARD DIARIES



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*An Advertisement of the
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IN THE gold rush year of '49 a stagecoach succeeded in crossing the continent in about three months. Two decades later, for the first time, an unbroken stretch of railroad lay from New York Harbor to San Francisco Bay, and America was seven days wide. Today, by telephone, that entire width is only a matter of minutes. And these few minutes represent a round trip, taken in the ease of office or home.

The Bell System is ever busy reducing the width of America and the distance between cities. For example, during 1929 it will add to its lines nearly 2,000,000 of the new permalloy loading coils for correcting and maintaining the speeding voice currents.

Seven thousand miles of new inter-city cable, \$40,000,000 worth, will be added to the System to protect against storms and other slowing up influences.

In the last five years 350 major improvements, as well as thousands of others whose aggregate importance mounts high, have been made in telephone central office equipment.

Improved operating practices have eliminated the necessity of your "hanging up" and being called back in 95 per cent of toll and long distance calls, adding new speed and ease to out of town calling. You hold the wire and the operator does the rest.

Since New Year's Day, 1927, the average time for completing all out of town calls has been cut 35 per cent and at the same time the per cent of error has been further materially reduced.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the future's greater service.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

The New Year's number—to be published December 28—will contain about a hundred pictures, a selection of the best things that LIFE has published in 1928. This is LIFE's annual Scrapbook and, if we do say so, the most representative array of American humor that the year has produced. Be sure not to miss this number.

The Stranger Within Our Gates

(Continued from page 17)

experiment with electricity to the extent of blowing out all the fuses in the house and burning the cigarette-lighter out of the sedan; he is also inspired to call the cook a German spy who broils babies, to insult several of the neighbors' little girls to the point of tears and reprisals, and to refuse spinach. You know that Bill didn't think of these things himself, as he never could have had the imagination.

On Christmas Day all the little presents that you got for George turn out to be things that he already has, only his are better. He incites Bill to revolt over the question of where the tracks to the electric train are to be placed (George maintaining that in his home they run through his father's bathroom, which is the only sensible place for tracks to run). He breaks several of little Barbara's more fragile presents and says that she broke them herself by not knowing how to work them. And the day ends with George running a high temperature and coming down with mumps, necessitating a quarantine and enforced residence in your house for a month.

This is just a brief summary of the Visiting Schoolmate problem. Granted that every child should have a home to go to at Christmas, could there not be some sort of state subsidy designed to bring their own homes on to such children as are unable to go home themselves? On such a day each home should be a sanctuary, where only members of the tribe can gather and overeat and quarrel. Outsiders just complicate matters, especially when outsiders cannot be spanked.

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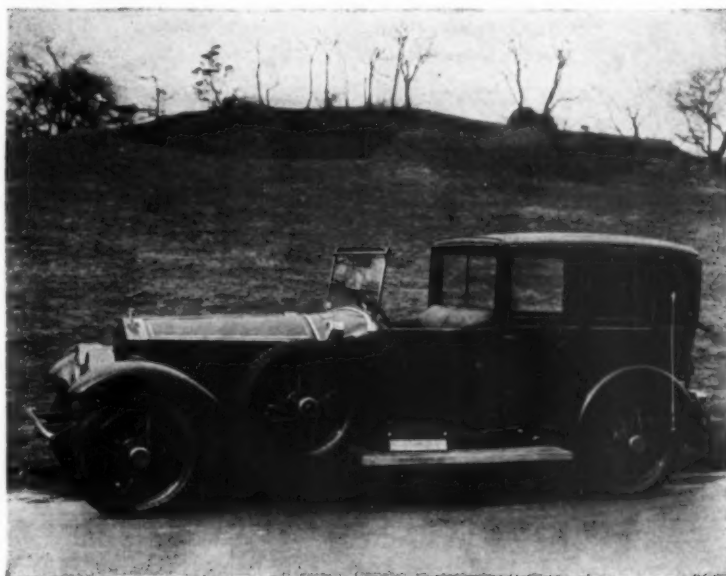


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S-377-LF is a Rolls-Royce. More than that, it is the Mayfair model, the proud town cabriolet of the Rolls-Royce family.

The car was created for a prominent Pittsburgh industrialist, chairman of the board of one of America's largest public utilities. It served him in Pittsburgh, at his winter home in Florida, and in New York. You yourself have probably seen it gliding along Park Avenue or standing before the Union League Club. When its owner relinquished it in favor of a Rolls-Royce of slightly different body type, he gave someone this exceptional opportunity of purchasing "The Best Car in the World" at little more than one-third its original price.

S-377-LF is in perfect mechanical condition. The name, Rolls-Royce, assures you of that—a continuation of the new-car guarantee vouches for it.

Outside, the car is as correctly formal as a court presentation; inside, it is as luxuriously comfortable as your favorite chair at the club. The finish is suave Algerian blue; the upholstery is tan English broadcloth. The deep, inviting seats in the passenger compartment accommodate five with ease.

For the years of silken-smooth motoring which this distinguished car offers, you pay only the price of an ordinary "fine car"—\$5,800. And this amount can be arranged on satisfactory terms, without finance charge.

S-377-LF may be seen at the New York salesroom, where it is available for a 100-mile trial trip at your convenience. Photographs and descriptions may be had at all Rolls-Royce branches. The car is, of course, subject to prior sale. Other Rolls-Royce cars at resale from \$4,000 to \$12,000.

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L I F E

LIFE is published in a holiday state of mind for families with a sense of humor. LIFE tries to be funny without being vulgar, witty without being smart-aleck, and observant without being dull. Every issue has some of that gaiety, good humor, and friendliness which we call the Christmas spirit. LIFE in the coming year is going to be as full of plums as a Christmas pudding—bigger and better pictures by the best artists; articles and verse by the foremost humorists in America. Christmas comes every Friday for those who subscribe for LIFE.

the dotted line —

For your friends in the city or the country, for the boy or girl away from home, LIFE is a gift that says "Merry Christmas" fifty-two times a year. All you do is fill in the coupons and write a check or a money order. On Christmas Day, they receive a Christmas Card, appropriately designed, telling them that a gift subscription has been entered in your name. Remember that LIFE for a friend is a friend for life. Obey that generous impulse—

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E

The humor in LIFE comes from contributors—some famous, some unknown—in all parts of the world. It is our boast that more reputations have been made in LIFE than in any other American magazine. Represented in its pages are most of the great humorists, artists, and writers, of today and of tomorrow. Look through this number and you will find Robert Benchley (p. 17), Rube Goldberg (pp. 20-21), Will Rogers (p. 24), John Held (p. 23), F. G. Cooper (p. 40), Ring Lardner (p. 27), Charles Dana Gibson (p. 15), Don Herold (p. 28), Percy Crosby, (pp. 22, 38-39), Wallace Morgan (p. 19), John LaGatta (p. 32), Grantland Rice (p. 16), Arthur Guiterman and James Montgomery Flagg (p. 18), Walter Winchell (p. 31), Russell Patterson (p. 37), and Elmer Davis (p. 36). Indeed, every picture, every brief paragraph in this issue is an evidence of what LIFE offers you, every week, fifty-two times a year.

Send LIFE for one year to:

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The tremendous response to the Will Rogers Rallies and other LIFE programs encourages us to continue these hilarious parties on the air. For a half-hour of crazy but innocent merriment:

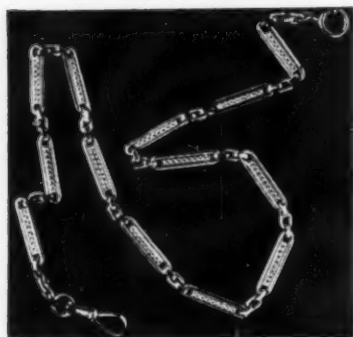
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Sometimes you find
the gift you'd like
to keep yourself ~



Watch-chain (30044) at \$9

THERE'S no denying that the feeling does come. You shop around busily, penciling the list, looking about for new gifts. Then—well, there it is. You'd really like to have that one present for yourself.

Why not buy this chain for your watch? It is number 30044, green gold-filled, coming also in yellow, white, or green and white combination. The reasonable price—\$9—makes it easy to choose another for a friend.

The ladies' wrist band (30522) presents another difficulty! Just who shall receive so pleasant a gift? Any wrist watch will fit this band; the band will fit any wrist. The glinting white gold-filled surface is relieved at each end with a subdued sparkle of ruby, amethyst, emerald, sapphire, aquamarine, or topaz—which-ever you prefer. The price is \$5.25.

See your jeweler now. Whether you give to others, or give to yourself, you'll find both these pieces mighty acceptable. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.



Ladies' wrist band (30522) at \$5.25



THE RADIO



by
Agnes
Smith

I DON'T like to be identified as one of those "important" writers ("journalists," I believe they're called) who are always telling people things for their own good. But I'm moved to make one serious suggestion to the ladies and gentlemen of the Broadcasting Systems: How about some substantial recognition of the heroism of Michael O'Loughlin?

Perhaps in these few weeks you have forgotten all about Michael O'Loughlin. Perhaps you are unaware that he ever existed. O'Loughlin was the radio operator who stuck by his post, unnoticed by crew and passengers, until the S.S. "Vestris" took her plunge into the ocean. In the backwash of sordid stories about the "Vestris" tragedy, there wasn't space for much mention of O'Loughlin's gallantry. I'll make a bet that O'Loughlin's silent heroism didn't receive as much notice as the "daring" of Clarence Terhune, the stowaway on the "Graf Zeppelin," nor the "sportsmanship" of the murdered gambler, Arnold Rothstein.

You will excuse me if I seem a little indignant. But other lines of endeavor, by better remembering their heroes, manage to impress the public with their fundamental worth and usefulness. Aviation takes good care of its own. In the theater and in the movies, a dead actor is not only a good actor but also something of a saint.

To you and me, a radio is a convenient thing to have around the house for football games, elections, world series and concerts. Its miraculous quality lies chiefly in the fact that its entertainment is free—and that's miracle enough for anybody these days. In times of shipwreck, you read that the radio is a matter of life and death to those on the sinking ship. But, somehow or other, the terrible cry for help that comes through the storm seems to have no relation to the handsome old Italian console in the corner of your living-room, which has been so blithely chirping "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time."

And when you hear that your station is signing off because of an SOS, you feel a slight fear and uneasiness, as though some tactless person had introduced unnecessarily an unpleasant subject. If the SOS cuts off something really important like a prize-fight or the Hotsy Totsy Boys, you wish the ships would somehow keep their troubles to themselves.

Now commercial broadcasting could honor Michael O'Loughlin, not by a lot



nurses know

Capable—and careful—the trained nurse administers our comfort. If there is pain, she gives a tablet to relieve it. That tablet is Bayer Aspirin. Experience has taught her it is quickest. The doctor has told her it's quite harmless. So it is safe to use in everyday life, any time you have an ache or pain. Take Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a headache, cold, neuralgia, etc. Don't wait until the suffering has become severe. Be sure, though, to get Bayer. There is only one genuine Aspirin.



ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetlicacidester of Salicylicacid

The New Year's Number, December 28, will contain about a hundred of the best things published in LIFE in 1928.

A holiday remembrance

"I can never forget, nor would I if I could, the packages of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE that were sent to us in France from the U. S. A. about Holiday time during the War.

While we were shaking in our shoes this healing, antiseptic powder for the feet, the remark frequently went 'round: 'It ain't the A. E. F. that's winnin' this war—it's the A. F. E.!' "

So now, as during the war, Allen's Foot-Ease makes a Satisfying, Soothing, Holiday Remembrance. At all Druggists—and a 2c stamp mails a package.

(Signed) BUDDY ENUF SAYD"

More Than A Christmas Gift!



You give him health and the great outdoors, a love of forests, streams and open skies, and a hobby that can only increase communion between father and son when you give him a Montague split bamboo fishing rod.

TO GIVE a boy or a man a marvelous split bamboo of which he can be truly proud—a reel that would warm the cockles of any true fisherman's heart—is to start that boy or man off toward the greatest days, and the warmest friendships, and the most valuable associations of his life. In no other fraternity will he find quite the same life-long pleasures—certainly in none will he find more distinguished fellow-members.



Featured by Best Sport Goods Dealers Everywhere

MONTAGUE
ROD AND REEL COMPANY

MONTAGUE CITY, MASSACHUSETTS

of speeches and tributes from the professional mourners, but by an hour devoted to a clear explanation of just what happens when an S.O.S. is received from sea. What are the messages exchanged? How are the rescuing forces sent on their way? Exactly what happens during those uneasy hours when your radio is so mysteriously silent?

There are men in every radio station whose voices you never hear but who have stories to tell. Perhaps you do not know it, but those lightning shifts from one program to another are effected by men who received their training at sea. They are the men in the control rooms and theirs is the job of seeing that your program comes to you smoothly, evenly and without an interruption. And these operators are by far the most efficient men on the air.

Commercial broadcasting is slow in recognizing its Michael O'Loughlins. Perhaps it considers itself simply a form of amusement. And yet, in the theater, if an actor breaks his leg, he receives a benefit; if he dies, he is almost canonized. The cinema has never been slow to tell you how its heroes or heroines suffer for their Art and \$2,500 a week. Therefore it wouldn't be greatly out of line for the radio to give a few minutes to those men who have your lives at the tips of their fingers whenever you venture out of sight of land.

Lines to Be Inscribed on a Greek Urn

HUMAN hands never fashioned me
So slender and tall;
Straight from my feet to my crown
Leaps the long line,
Tenderly curved where the light
Follows my side,
Closely caressing my beauty.

Shadows that rear like black horses,
As the flame glows,
Dance in the silvery mirror
Of my face,
And a voice murmurs: "Hamburg anna
onion—
Anna Cawfee—Haff!"

Heman Fay, Jr.

OUR OWN PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Answers to "Decapitations" on page 45

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| No. 1. n ape. | No. 7. g age. |
| No. 2. r udder. | No. 8. t hug. |
| No. 3. f owl. | No. 9. b room. |
| No. 4. r asp. | No. 10. s hovel |
| No. 5. p ore. | No. 11. s kin. |
| No. 6. s tag. | No. 12. s nap. |

THEN there's the story of the tourist in Scotland who wouldn't give a penny to a beggar because he didn't want to appear conspicuous.

RELAXATION . . .



Come to the MEDITERRANEAN on the HOMERIC

Just as the camel is the super-travel-vogue of the desert, so is the Homeric—"The Ship of Splendor"—the cruise-ship to the Mediterranean . . . she is the largest steamer on this route and presents an itinerary that includes every place of proven interest from metropolis to mosque . . . her appointments and creature comforts, her interesting entertainments aboard and ashore, her opportunities for relaxation stand unsurpassed, . . . rightly her cruise is called the

CRUISE SUPREME

She sails from New York January 26th next . . . 14,000 miles . . . 67 days . . . at the most seasonable time of the year . . . Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar . . . Algiers, Tunis . . . Naples, Athens, Constantinople . . . The Holy Land . . . Egypt . . . The Nile . . . Palermo . . . Naples . . . The French Riviera . . . Gibraltar . . . returning via Southampton . . . Stop-over privileges in Europe . . .

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"The Curtain Speech I would like to make" *Lionel Atwill*

I HAVE never made a speech like this—but often, at the beginning of a play, I'd like to step in front of the curtain and say this: "Ladies and Gentlemen: You are very kind to come to see our play. May I suggest a way by which you could enjoy it thoroughly?"

"Don't cough. Coughing disturbs the actors...disturbs the play...disturbs

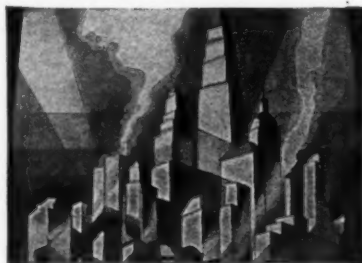
you. To stop it, may I suggest something which I myself often use—Smith Brothers' Cough Drops? Thank you."

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs and colds—most of winter sicknesses—start in the throat. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops protect you! They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness and—as everyone knows—they stop coughs!



5c Two kinds: S. B. (black) or the new Menthol. Always keep a box handy.

FROM COAST TO COAST
NEW YORK and CALIFORNIA
VIA HAVANA
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Fortnightly sailings by largest, latest ships in the service—magnificent, new steamers Virginia and California and the popular S. S. Mongolia.
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A canvas by Monet—a prelude by Rachmaninoff—a word-picture of such magic beauty as "The Tempest"—accomplishments so artistic that they brook no comparison . . . In its more modest field The ROOSEVELT, too, has achieved a great distinction in the dispensing of hospitality—an order of service which the travel-wise tell us stands entirely alone.

1100 Rooms—Single or En Suite

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EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director
HOTELS

Christmas Is Only December 25th Along the Main Stem

(Continued from page 58)

To which the male member telegraphed: "Okay. Send loaf of bread!"

That gives you an idea, Willard, and so help me Winchell, it happened. It happened in 1918 to a small-time combo known as Winchell and Greene, whose billing used to be: "Songs, Dances and Witty Sayings." Oh, those were the days! Good God, may they never come again!

But here it is Yuletide and I'm weeping into your beard and before I know it I'll be accused of being a pansy. So let us away—and go gay and kid ourselves out of being Pagliotchies and loff, clown, loff! And six is twelve! My brother is coming with pineapples.

And if I have to leave you with a chuckle, then let me remind you of the classic of them all. It appeared in the 1925 Christmas Number of LIFE, which, by the way, is a swell mag since they started hiring some regular writers. Anyway, it was a Webster cartoon and if you are in the mood, then name me a better crayon wrecker than that bird. The drawing revealed a newspaper city editor instructing a cub reporter. The chatter went something like this: "Go uptown," said the editor, "and interview some of those poor devils who have to work and can't have dinner with their families today. Write a good sob story, about a column and a half. Then on your way back you might stop at Joe's lunch wagon and get me half a dozen hot dogs."

And don't send me any gifts. Just do me one favor. All I ask, Willard, is please don't get collegiate when New Year's comes around and wish your friends "A Nineteen Plenty Nine!"

If you'll promise you won't do that, I'll reward you with an autographed photo of the guy who voted for Smith.

OBVIOUS

DEAR SIR: If you see a list like this around the house:

Hat 7¼
Shirt 16
Socks 10
Slippers 8½
Waist 44
Gloves 9
Collars 16½

it means your wife will give you the customary box of cigars for Christmas.

Bill Sykes.

MASSACHUSETTS went Democratic and North Carolina Republican in the last election. Next year, when Harvard is playing North Carolina, the Harvard Coach will probably say to his players before they go into the game: "Now fight those Tar Heels, fellows, and don't forget that every one of them is a Republican."

NEW

THE 50 BOX of Gillette Blades



**EVERY TIME HE
SHAVES IN 1929
HE'LL THANK YOU**

A SMART, masculine gift box that's bound to be appreciated all over again each morning! Generous measure for generous shaving comfort! Not a short-lived present, not a frivolous one, but a soundly sensible, month-after-month gift that appeals to a man's practical nature.

And the distinctive thing about it is its newness....it is presented by Gillette for the *first time* this Christmas. You can be sure when you choose the Fifty Box for him that he has never before received a similar gift for Christmas—or any other time.

P. S.—If the little chest with its regimental stripes attracts you, why don't you make a bid for it after he's used up the blades? It makes a charming cigarette box, stamp box, jewel case or general depository for the sewing or dressing table.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Brand new!

Fifty of the famous double edged Gillette Blades (one hundred shaving edges) tucked away in a sturdy, compact, colorful box. An original, personal way to carry your season's greetings far into the New Year.

\$5
everywhere
**The
perfect
gift**



THE TANGERINE *ushers in Christmas!*

AS SOON as you see shining pyramids of brightly gay tangerines in fruiterers' windows, you get your first feel of approaching Christmas. This lordly fruit is fitted by inner temperament to belong to the Christmas tradition of festive good cheer. Its spanking colorfulness fits right in with glowing holiday spirits. The handsome coat is thin and free of the fruit, and inside, the sections are plump, juicy and piquantly delicate in flavor. The tangerine, like other members of the citrus family, thrives best in Florida, and is bought most wisely by specifying, "Florida Tangerines"

FLORIDA CITRUS GROWERS' CLEARING HOUSE ASSOCIATION

Florida



Tangerines

Speaking of Vocabularies

SHE: Don't you *honestly* think conversation is a *lost art*?

HE: Yeah—you bet.

SHE: I mean so *few* people have any intelligent conversation nowadays, do you know what I mean?

HE: Sure, it's a fact.

SHE: And as for vocabularies—practically nobody has any vocabulary, do you really think they do?

HE: You said it!

SHE: Gosh, it *simply slays* me! I mean I could actually go mad and bite myself when I talk to those kind of people because I mean you just *know* the minute you *meet* them the conversation is going to be just the same thing over and over with a lot of *foul slang* expressions that don't make sense sort of sprinkled here and there, do you know what I mean?

HE: I know—it's the limit!

SHE: Well, I think it's just *lousy* because I mean the very people who are s'posed to be the educated classes have no vocabulary or anything and just make a *laughing-stock* of themselves the way they talk or something.

HE: You got the right dope, all right.

SHE: Am I *right* or am I *right*?

HE: I'll tell the cock-eyed world!

SHE: Gosh, it's *simply marvelous* to meet somebody who *appreciates* your viewpoint about things like that, my dear, because I mean *most* people haven't the vaguest *idea* how inadequate their vocabulary and everything is, my dear, and how *simply vile* they sound using all this cheap *slang* and everything, do you know what I mean?

Lloyd Mayer.

I Snap My Fingers

PHYLLIS, if you feel a trifle—

Well, say, bored with our affair,

Please don't bother, dear, to stifle

Any yawn—I do not care.

I myself am rather tired

Of your tirades. On and pout

Somewhere else: I am no hired

Man for you to cuff about.

I'm no puppy: I can bristle

At a pretty girl's attack....

What was that, dear? Did you whistle?

Just a minute! I'll be back!

Wilfred J. Funk.

NATURAL ERROR

COP: What's the matter with you rubes? Can't you see those red and green lights?

SO-CALLED RUBE: Yes, sir.

COP: And yet you ignore them.

SO-CALLED RUBE: I looked at them.

COP: Then if you saw them and drove by them will you tell me what you think they are lit for?

SO-CALLED RUBE: Christmas.



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you are in your bath and, as you step out, find that your maid has left the blind up on the window facing the big apartment house next door . . . be nonchalant . . . Light a Murad.

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¶ A hint from a friend who knows values in radio sets is worth more than any amount of professional salesmanship from manufacturers. ¶ Ignore if you like anything that the makers of Kolster Radio may claim for it. ¶ Simply pay attention to any experienced friend. ¶ You will hear "Yes, Kolster is a

fine set." ¶ Such faithful tone reproduction, rare selectivity and distinguished appearance bring out admiring comment everywhere which your own experience will confirm. ¶ Pictured above is Kolster 7 tube table Model K21 for A. C. electric operation with Model K6 Kolster Synchronous Type Reproducer.

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Newest Fountain Pen Desk Set for Christmas
\$16 to \$19



Every Parker Fountain Pen Desk Set comes in a special Christmas Gift Box, furnished without charge.

Genuine Parker Duofold Fountain Pens stand in these new Desk Statuette Bases at any angle, ready to your hand, or lie flat out of arms' way and harm's way.

Ink in the pen, pen in the movable socket. Pen, though used a hundred times a day, is never mislaid.

Point always moist and ready to write instantly with famous Parker Pressureless Touch. Jewel-like, Non-Breakable Permanite Barrels, 28% lighter than rubber. Pens

*Guaranteed Forever Against All Defects. Five flashing colors.

Duofold Statuette Sets—complete, \$16 to \$19, depending on size and finish. Others, \$6.50 to \$100.00.

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At all good dealers.

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*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.



IN the shaded quiet interior of his house in Fez, Morocco, a man from Massachusetts found refuge from tropic heat. This replica of one of his rooms, cleverly turned to American uses, is witness of the Crane contribution to bathroom beauty and to plumbing convenience. In the floor, in the mirror flanked by medicine compartments, are reflected the Nile green of the *Elegia* lavatory, the green and blue of the

wainscot. The inviting coolness of a pool set in the forest is suggested by the *Tarnia* bath in its recess. Crane fixtures, truly economical and delightful in decorative effect, are shown in a series of charming rooms in the book, *New Ideas for Bathrooms*. A request brings it. When you consult a responsible plumbing contractor, you will be pleased to learn that a complete Crane installation costs no more.

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